Dec. 29, 1962

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of New Year's Day.... ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Affair—Ronald Millar's dramatization of the C. P. Snow novel about the trouble stirred up at Cambridge when a young physicist is discharged for faking some facts in his dissertation. Not too satisfactory from a theatrical standpoint. Brewster Mason heads the mixed British and American cast. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Tuesday, Jan. 1, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 5.)

Beyond the Fringe—Various aspects of modern life drolly and acutely surveyed by a quartet of Englishmen—Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook—who are just about the funniest men around. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3; special matinées Thursday, Dec. 27, and New Year's Day at 3.)

Calculated Risk—A cliff-hanger about the struggle for control of a New England woollen mill. As written by Joseph Hayes, it isn't long on suspense, and the actors don't seem to be very excited about the fate of the beleaguered corporation. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Tuesday, Jan. 1, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Jan. 2, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Sunday, Dec. 30, at 2:30.)

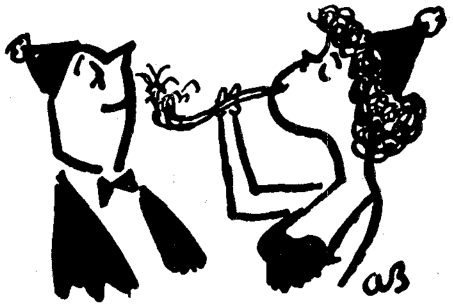
Lord Pengo—S. N. Behrman's witty and perceptive study of an art dealer as influential as the late Lord Duveen. Charles Boyer's performance in the title role is flawless, and Brian Bedford, Ruth White, Henry Daniell, Cliff Hall, and Agnes Moorehead give him stout support. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Tuesday, Jan. 1, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Jan. 2, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Sunday, Dec. 30, at 2:40.)

Never Too Late—A jolly comedy, by Sumner Arthur Long, that has to do with a man in his sixties who learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. (His other child is now a married woman.) Paul Ford is delightful as this disturbed character, and Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon, portraying his son-in-law, wife, and daughter, are all first-rate. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Seidman and Son—A lovable view of a lovable man in that lovable garment district on Seventh Avenue. Sam Levene is, as usual, diverting as the hero of this bland affair. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Jan. 2, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Sunday, Dec. 30, at 2:40.)

Tchin-Tchin—There isn't much substance in this drama about an English lady and an Italian-American construction boss who get together after their spouses have abandoned them, but Margaret Leighton and Anthony Quinn do themselves proud in the course of it. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Jan. 2, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée New Year's Day at 2:30.)

A Thousand Clowns—A comedy by Herb Gardner concerned with a television writer who has shaken the dust of Madison Avenue from his shoes and doesn't want to get them soiled again. Sometimes it's up, sometimes it's down, but it has many antic rewards as acted by Jason Robards, Jr., Sandy Dennis, Barry Gordon, A. Larry Haines, William Daniels, and Gene Saks. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 1-2, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Jan. 2, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinées Sunday, Dec. 30, and New Year's Day at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Tiger Tiger Burning Bright—Claudia McNeil in a play by Peter S. Feibleman. The director is Joshua Logan, and the producers are Oliver Smith and Roger L. Stevens. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Tuesday, Jan. 1, at 8:30; on Sunday, Dec. 30, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Jan. 2, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Sunday, Dec. 30, at 2:30.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—A quartet of unseemly characters have been assembled by Edward Albee to represent some denizens of a New England college to which you should not send your sons or daughters. Everybody is soused most of the time, and the language is no contribution to the art of conversation. However, Mr. Albee now and then comes up with a galvanic scene. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, George Grizzard, and Melinda Dillon; for the matinées it is Kate Reid, Shepperd Strudwick, Bill Berger, and Avra Petrides. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinées Thursday and Friday, Dec. 27-28.)

Long Runs—**a man for all seasons:** A play (by Robert Bolt) concerning Sir Thomas More, the sixteenth-century martyr, now played by Emlyn Williams. Other performers in the cast include George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, and David J. Stewart. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, Jan. 1, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée New Year's Day at 2:30.)... **mary, mary:** An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Barbara Bel Geddes, Tom Poston, and Edward Mulhare are in Jean Kerr's comedy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Beauty Part—S. J. Perelman's comedy, starring Bert Lahr. Directed by Noel Willman and produced by Michael Ellis, in association with Edmund Anderson. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Zero Mostel, David Burns, Jack Gilford, and John Carradine, among others, clowning about ancient Rome in a jolly combination of burlesque and vaudeville. The comedy was put together by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart, who based their play on the works of Plautus. The score, by Stephen Sondheim, is undistinguished, but his lyrics are volatile, and so is the direction, by George Abbott. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Little Me—Sid Caesar plays all kinds of roles in this comedy adapted by Neil Simon from a book by Patrick Dennis. He represents the various lovers in the life of a lady called Belle Poitrine, who in the course of the play makes her way from the Middle West to Southampton. But, for all Mr. Caesar's efforts, the comedy is lukewarm, and the music, by Cy Coleman, and the lyrics, by Carolyn Leigh, are not at all memorable. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mr. President—Imaginary doings in the capital, which turn out to be not as lively as the real doings under the Kennedys. The play has its elementary charm, although the music, by Irving Berlin; the book, by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse; and the direction, by Joshua Logan, don't show this quartet off to best advantage. Robert Ryan, Nanette Fabray, Anita Gillette, and Jack Haskell are conspicuously present. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stop the World—I Want to Get Off—Pantomime and other alleged diversions supplied by Anthony Newley in a revue that takes a man through his seven ages, which seem like eons. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Jan. 2, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée New Year's Day at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**camelot:** King Arthur and all that. With Kathryn Grayson, William Squire, and Arthur Treacher. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Jan. 2, and Saturdays at 2:35; special matinée New Year's Day at 2:35. Closes Saturday, Jan. 5.) ... **carnival:** Carla Alberghetti portrays a young orphan girl who falls in love with a group of puppets. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 1-2, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Jan. 2, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinées Sunday, Dec. 30, and New Year's Day at 3.)... **how to succeed in business without really trying:** The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Robert Morse plays the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée plays his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **milk and honey:** A tour through modern Israel with a clutch of American widows, all anxious to head for the

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

altar again. The cast is led by Robert Weede, Molly Picon, and Terry Saunders. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, Jan. 1, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée New Year's Day at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 26.) . . . **NO STRINGS:** A show in which Diahann Carroll is a model for Paris *Vogue* and Richard Kiley an expatriate American novelist. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Jan. 2, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée New Year's Day at 2.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Rodgers and Hammerstein tell us all about the Austrian Trapp family. Now with Nancy Dussault and Donald Scott. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

MARCEL MARCEAU—The French pantomimist, with Pierre Verry, in an all-new program. A four-week engagement that starts Tuesday, Jan. 1, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 27. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

THE BLACKS—Jean Genêt ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Thursdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays and New Year's Day at 3. Special performance New Year's Eve at 8:30.)

BRECHT ON BRECHT—Excerpts from the writings—public and private—of Bertolt Brecht. Mr. Brecht's words, some of them set to music, are, for the most part, quite brilliant. George Tabori is the translator. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:40.)

THE CHERRY ORCHARD—David Ross's production falls short of his usually high standard. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays and New Year's Day at 3. Special performance New Year's Eve at 8:40; no performance Wednesday, Jan. 2.)

THE COACH WITH THE SIX INSIDES—A comedy adapted by Jean Erdman from James Joyce's "Finnegans Wake." (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. CH 3-0153. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performance New Year's Eve at 8:40.)

THE DAYS AND NIGHTS OF BEEBEE FENSTERMAKER—A play by William Snyder. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances New Year's Eve at 6 and 9.)

THE FANTASTICKS—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:40, and Saturdays and Friday, Dec. 28, at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances New Year's Eve at 6 and 9.)

THE HOSTAGE—Geoff Garland, as a Cockney soldier held captive in a Dublin lodging house, is particularly good in this revival of Brendan Behan's wild, poignant comedy. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.

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Special performances New Year's Eve at 7 and 10.)

INTIMATE RELATIONS—A play by Jean Cocteau. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LA 4-7450. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Special performances New Year's Eve at 7 and 10.)

MAN IS MAN—Bertolt Brecht's brutal but ingenious farce about an easygoing laborer, who, by a series of tricks, is changed into an enthusiastic soldier. This version of the script is the eleventh and final one. Although most of the acting is good, the production as a whole is overwrought and strident, which may be just what the author intended. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performance New Year's Eve at 8:30.)

A MAN'S A MAN—Same play, in an earlier and more loose-limbed version. Several of the scenes are entertaining, several are downright repulsive, and, with a few exceptions, the performances are quite poor. (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performance New Year's Eve at 8:30.)

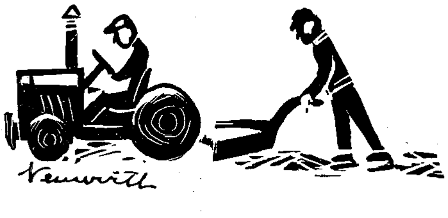
OH DAD, POOR DAD, MAMA'S HUNG YOU IN THE CLOSET AND I'M FEELIN' SO SAD—A new playwright named Arthur Kopit has made a Surrealist comic strip out of the violent story of a hateful, possessive mother and her miserable son. The staging, by Jerome Robbins, is all that any playwright, new or old, could wish for, and the acting, by Jo Van Fleet, Austin Pendleton, Sandor Szabo, and especially Barbara Harris, is highly satisfactory. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:40. Special performance New Year's Eve at 8:40.)

ORPHÉE and **ANTIGONE**—Two one-act plays by Jean Cocteau. Opens Thursday, Dec. 27. (Midway Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2355. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Special performances New Year's Eve at 7 and 10.)

THE PINTER PLAYS—Sinister and fascinating comedies by the English playwright Harold Pinter. They have in common the theme of mischief, but their settings range from a dank basement in Birmingham to a fussy house in Belgravia. Mr. Pinter's dialogue is a joy to hear, and the performance, directed by Alan Schneider, is perfectly splendid. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performance New Year's Eve at 8:40.)

A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN and **THE BARROOM MONKS**—A selection of scenes, well chosen and plausibly performed, from Joyce's novel. In "The Barroom Monks," which is the curtain-raiser, a young medical student tries to rescue a priest almost hopelessly lost in alcoholism. The setting is a saloon, and the author is Joseph Carroll. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performance New Year's Eve at 8:40.)

RIVERWIND—A bright and unpretentious little musical comedy. The music is the work of a promising newcomer named John Jennings, who also wrote the lyrics. The comedy is supplied by a cast of seven (notably by Lovelady Powell and Brooks Morton), who also sing and do whatever acting and dancing are required. The setting is a motel on, of all places, the banks of the Wabash. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performance New Year's Eve at 8:30.)



A TENTH OF AN INCH MAKES THE DIFFERENCE—A pair of rather charming one-act plays by Rolf Forsberg, the first based on a legend from India, the second on a Buddhist anecdote from Japan. The actors, most of them of Asiatic origin, do very well indeed. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. AL 4-9520. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 10. Matinées Sundays and Saturday, Dec. 29, at 3. Special performance New Year's Eve at 8:30.)

THIS WAS BURLESQUE—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy for all but the most insensitive palates. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Special performances New Year's Eve at 8 and 11:30.)

UNDER MILK WOOD and **PULLMAN CAR HIAWATHA**—A revival of Dylan Thomas's play, plus Thornton Wilder's one-act comedy, done professionally for the first time in New York. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Thursday, Friday, Sunday, and Monday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Monday, Dec. 31.)

BALLET

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—The final performances of an eighteen-day engagement of "The Nutcracker." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Thursday, Dec. 27, at 11 and 4; Friday, Dec. 28, at 12:30 and 5:30; Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 30, at 12:30 and 5:30; and Monday, Dec. 31, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

FOO HSING THEATRE—A troupe of forty children from the Republic of China in the final performances of a two-week engagement offering two musical dramas. "The Beautiful Bait": Thursday, Dec. 27, at 2 and 8:30; Friday, Dec. 28, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2:30 and 8:30; Monday, Dec. 31, at 8:30; Tuesday, Jan. 1, at 2:30; and Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 2. . . . ¶ "The White Snake": Tuesday, Jan. 1, at 8:30 (preview); Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 8:30 (opening); Thursday and Friday, Jan. 3-4, at 8:30; and Saturday, Jan. 5, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Morosco, 45th St. west of Broadway. CI 6-6230.)

ANTA PROGRAM—"The Crown, the Ring and the Roses," by Jonathan Field, presented by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA as the third in this season's series of matinée programs. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Thursday, Jan. 3, at 2:30. For tickets, call PL 7-4563.)

LES POUPÉES DE PARIS—A revue, for adults, of three-foot-tall puppets produced by Sid and Marty Krofft. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Nightly at 8:45 and 10:30. Extra performances Thursday, Dec. 27, at midnight; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 28-29, at midnight and 1:30 A.M.; Sunday, Dec. 30, at midnight; and New Year's Eve at 12:30 A.M. and 2 A.M.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Guy Lombardo's dance band, bird of passage these days, finishes up in the gigantic Royal Box on Saturday, Dec. 29, but reappears in the Imperial Ballroom on New Year's Eve; it then disappears from the Continental United States. The Box reopens on New

What did the man from DELTON tell the hand weavers of Bhagalpur, India?

"Take your best silk," he said, "and weave me a fabric of rare character, fit to be tailored into Delton sports jackets for such discerning American stores as Kolmer-Marcus, N.Y.C.; Morville, Philadelphia; L. Strauss & Co., Indianapolis; The Union Co., Columbus; Schur, Palm Beach; Hughes & Hatcher-Suffrin, Detroit & Pittsburgh; John Jarrell, Atlanta." Or write Delton Ltd., 130 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

My son, the pilot.

by Tillie Katz

Believe me, I'm not saying this because he's my only son.

But who ever thought a boy from Jacksonville, Florida would grow up to be the Chief Pilot for a whole airline?

It's funny, but Bill wasn't even interested in flying when he was young. Which was all right with me. Frankly, it made me nervous even when he played football.

Then something got into him. Just when we all thought he was going into some nice business, he enlisted in the Air Corps.

Pretty soon, he was a group commander with the 8th Air Force in Europe. By the time he came home, it was *Captain* Katz.

With a Distinguished Flying Cross, if you please.

Afterwards, it was flying, flying, flying.

I don't know if you could call him a pioneer or anything, but he was right there when EL AL was only a tiny little airline.

And now you can call him Chief Pilot.

And does he keep an eye on that airline!

Sometimes I think he worries about it too much. Do you know how many miles he's flown? Over 2 million! Do you know how long he's spent in the air? Over 12 thousand hours!

But if that's what it takes to make the airline so good, that's what he does.

The other pilots kid him about it. They say he only comes down to collect his pay.

But *I* know better. I have two beautiful grandchildren who live in Israel with Bill and my daughter-in-law.

They come to see me now and then, but I wish I could spoil them more often. It's a good thing they have Bill for a father. He spoils everybody. Except himself.

So, if you happen to take a trip on EL AL Israel Airlines and see him, please tell him I said to dress warm.

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Year's Eve, with (in furtherance of its cultural-exchange arrangement with Las Vegas) Janet Blair and her Four Boys, who are given to songs, dances, and funny stories. Lester Lanin's first-string band, captained by Mr. L. himself, returns to action there the same night. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Easy lessons in how to live in glass houses. Music for the ritualistic dances requisite to the course is provided by Freddie Jagels' orchestra, one of the best in this particular business, and by Freddy Alonso's rumba band. In the adjoining Champagne Room, Freddie Fassler, a New Yorker from way, way back, takes bow and fiddle in hand for people who just have things to talk about. Curfew for the whole place every Sunday.

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800)—The sporting element and the spectator-sporting element elbow to elbow, or foot to foot when, after ten-thirty, they populate the tiny dance floor presided over by Roger Steele's small band. The Steele band will be succeeded, on Tuesday, Jan. 1, by Ernie Warren's equally small group. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—A sort of Regency rectitude is the guiding spirit of the Café Pierre. Phil Wayne's trio is for dancing, and Renato Rossini's guitar is for dreaming about the Côte d'Azur.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Shirley Bassey, that fine little phoenix from London, sings her final song in the Persian Room on Tuesday, Jan. 1. Next evening's arrival is Russell Nype, who likes to look like a Rhodes scholar, and whose taste in deportment and lyrics gives him Grade A's. Dance orchestras run by Emil Coleman and Mark Monte make the appropriate noises during the interludes. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano, supported by a violin, starts its day in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and brings it to an end in the Edwardian Room from seven-thirty to nine-thirty.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Jan Garber's sonorous and soothing dance orchestra, which dates back deep into the days of 78 r.p.m., is in the Grill. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The stroke on the varsity crew in the Maisonette is Peter Duchin, whose dance band has the perfect New York sound (gliding arabesques instead of unrelenting thump). This useful work is supplemented by Ray Bari's group. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The elegantly appointed chalet called La Boite, a perfect setting for an Edith Wharton novel, is actually the setting for baroque piano and violin, which ply their blissful trade from dinner until after the theatre. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The moonlight sonatas of Ted Straeter and his fluent dance band are bathed in the moonlight of the Columns, a de-luxe patio. Ray Hartley, the house pianist, is the graceful soloist from seven to eight; after that, the Straeters and Arturo Arturos's triad of Latin lovers share the podium. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day.... ¶ Mr. Hartley spends the cocktail hour, and the rest of the evening (after eight), in the leisurely Savoy Room, where he turns out piano that, no matter how relaxed, is pièce de résistance. He's absent Sundays.

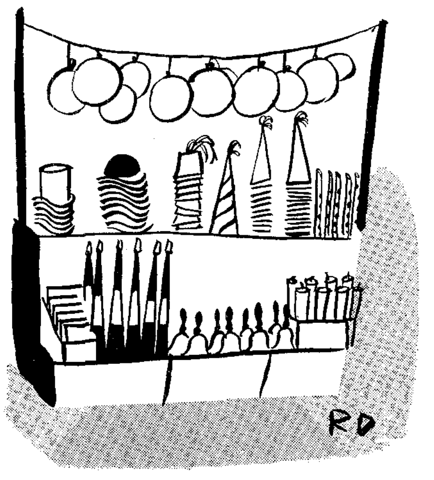
Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Two plots in the Elysian Fields are assigned to the Embassy Club and the Knight Box, the first of them sprinkled with the dance music of Gunnar Hansen's and Quintero's orchestras, the second with Jani Sarkozi's dreamworld violin. Both operations will be dormant New Year's Day.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The only peep out of the Empire Room during the holidays comes on New Year's Eve, but it will be a mighty one, since Duke Ellington's orchestra will be responsible for it.... ¶ Peacock Alley, though, operates every night but Sunday, proffering Emile Petti's piano from five to eight, and then his dance trio until late in the evening.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Peter Pans and Wendys who are planning never to grow up, plus a lot of genuine youngsters. The leading pro at this country club is Goldie Hawkins himself, who does single piano during the evening and double piano, with Wayne Sanders, along about midnight; Mr. Sanders is around the whole evening, too, and Bob Printz patrols a piano from five-thirty to eight. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day.... **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Grand manner is the attitude of the café over which Cy Walter presides. His pianoforte, which is lightning ever so loosely chained, operates from cocktails until one in the morning. Forrest Perrin sits in at the instrument panel on Sundays.... **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The Puccini copyright on this Florentine opera house will probably never expire. Aldo Bruschi—pianist, basso profundo, and commentator—is the mainstay of the sound department, which is in continuous service. From Thursday through Sunday, he also runs a miniature dance band. Closed New Year's Day.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): When knights were bold and all that, but not enough to suppress Norbert Faconi and his drink-to-me-only Stradivarius, whose orbit includes every table in the house. No music Sundays. ... **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): King Henri's other château, glittering like a crazy Christmas tree. Through its delirious décor perambulates Herman Honigsberg, a violinist of superior strain (or strains). A pianist is his accompanist. They're at work every evening but Sunday. ... **RITZ BAR,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): In the board room of the Carlton House, Victor del Monte quietly addresses his piano at the cocktail hour and again from nine to one every night but Sunday.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco running close to riot. Dancing for the visitors as well. Closed Sundays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bubbly Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. No music on New Year's Day.... **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A Roman army that loves to travel on its stomach. Strolling among the viands and *vini* are a group of street musicians who arrive at six and reluctantly go home at two. Closed Sundays. ... **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Life is real, life is earnest when guitar, piano, voice, and girl flamenco dancer get to work on Spanish fandangos. They can carry on far into the night. Closed Sundays.... **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Once in a while, a quintet of Basques gains the stage for a small symposium of foot-and-mouth work; the rest of the time, a dance band is usually encouraging the diners to rise and shine. Rising and shining are also permissible on Sundays from two to seven.



... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A rage to live happily ever after pervades the cast (which ranges from zimbalons to sopranos) of this homestead way down upon the Danube River. Dancing.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): One of the Society Islands. George Feyer's piano provides hand-crocheted samplers for décor. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Sidewalk tables on the sunny side of the Via Veneto. Vigorous contributions to the traffic jam are made by a posse of patrolling violinists and accordionists. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day.... **LA CHANSONETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The minute *salle à manger* becomes a minute *salle à chanter* when the chatelaine, Rita Dimitri, reprises (with a full panoply of Continental airs and graces) the songs she used to do in this musical comedy and that. Betweentimes, a pianist and (every night but Sunday) an accordionist keep the echoes slowly circulating. On New Year's Eve, there'll also be dance music by a trio. ... **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): A well-behaved casbah with American cuisine and, in among all the Moorish arches, soft-spoken American piano by Conrad Monjoy. No music Sundays.... **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): Someone must have once again mislaid the road map, because the principal performers are now Geula Gill and the Oranim Zabar Singers, whose home port is Israel.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): This reëstablishment of the Age of Ornamentation is now the locale of the flamenco guitar wielded by a Spanish import named José Luis Franco, who's around from eight to one.... **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar, Jules Kuti is again rambling along at his piano from five to eleven at night. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day.... **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): This, the taproom of the Hotel Stanhope, serves as a recital hall for Gustavo Lopez and his guitar between nine-thirty and one every night but Tuesday, Jan. 1.... **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Merry Villagers pop up at intervals to deliver no-holds-barred snatches of opera at the diners (and sometimes horse, or at least horseplay, opera, too).... **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Beginners' classes are held here regularly, but the golden apple belongs to Cal Bostic, an old hand at *dégagé* piano and song. He sets to at ten. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Donn Arden, who believes that woman's place is on the stage, has filled his revue with the three dozen apples of his eye, draped (and undraped) them in the hues of Joseph's coat, and taught them to walk. Among them wander Barbara Heller, a girl whose wit is all the more sublime for being *sub rosa;* François Szony and Nancy Claire, whose dancing is one glorious leap for life after another; and a rout of tumblers, comics, and what not. Dancing.... **INTERNATIONAL,** Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): "Minsky's Follies" is a history of burlesque that offers several lacunae, a number of bumptious (and grindious) young ladies, and a rough-and-ready comedian (Irving Benson) who is really funny, in the great burlesque tradition. New Year's Eve is, appropriately, the end of this pagan ceremony. The next housewarming begins on Friday, Jan. 4. Among those who have received invitations is Gigi Durston, a beautiful and (rare in these times) dutiful soprano who gives songs their due rather than giving them the devil. There'll also be a comedian (Lenny Kent, from the Coast) and—it stands to reason—a bunch of the girls. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The best-laid plans of Julius Monk, which rarely gang agley, are on exhibit in his newest and perhaps best revue, "Dime a Dozen," which is a fitting occupant of this small but imperial opera house. The players—Jack Fletcher, Mary Louise Wilson, Gerry Matthews, Rex Robbins, Susan Browning, and Fredricka Weber—are in-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

fallible, the music is lyric, the choreography is action suiting the words. The pit band is the concert grands of William Roy and Robert Colston; the hours are nine-fifteen and midnight. In the plush cloister alongside, there is further piano, by Carl Norman. Closed Sundays. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Bobby Short, armed with piano and his faithful sidemen, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, makes good use of the idle hours between theatre and breakfast with his gay songs, fey songs, play songs, anything but work songs. He's in the lounge every night but Saturday. . . . ¶ In the back room, Vaughn Meader (or Inside the White House, Looking In) winds up his conducted tour of the nation's executive branch on New Year's Eve; Mark Russell (whose jokes are topical, too, but of more general distribution) replaces him next evening. Jerry Stiller and Ann Meara, players of highly undomesticated domestic comedy, remain at their post. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The battle for men's minds goes full tilt in "Alarums and Excursions," a brusque, brash (and funny) revue without music, in which the cast—Alan Arkin, Andrew Duncan, Anthony Holland, Eugene Troobnick, and the perfectly lovely Zohra Lampert—say whatever comes into their brisk heads. They start around eight-thirty during the week. Sundays, there's a matinée at three; Tuesdays are the rest periods. . . . **THE PREMISE,** 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): Another revue without music, set in a tiny theatre that's really a coffee-and-pastry shop. The conversation of the four characters onstage, sometimes fun-loving and sometimes furious, is both exemplary and extempore. The schedule: Thursday, Dec. 27, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty; Fridays at eight and ten-thirty; Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty; Sundays at three and eight-thirty; New Year's Eve at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; and Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 2-3, at eight-thirty. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Though they're as hale and hearty as ever, Los Chavales de España seem now more sedentary, inclining toward haunted violin concertos and songs of sorrow instead of dancing and prancing. Sundays, they are replaced by a tea dance that runs (and runs riot, too) until all hours. . . . ¶ After ten, in a little den next door to the bar, the flamenco songs of José Moreno and the guitar of Pedro Cortes compare notes on the love life of Iberia. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The current edition of "Seven Come Eleven" (Ben Bagley is the publisher of this one) may be aimed more toward mass circulation. Nevertheless, Cy Young is first-rate as a skit player, and the same can be said for some of the words and music. Twice a night during the week and three times weekends is the ground rule. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): A one-night stand, on New Year's Eve, will be made at twelve by Ronny Graham's forthcoming Upstairs revue, which involves Bill McCutcheon, Pat Stanley, and Mr. G., too. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mabel Mercer's very special songs bind the wounds of the lovelorn with garlands of rosemary for remembrance, rue for repentance, and roses for a rubicund future. Her pianist is, of course, Sam Hamilton. Jimmie Daniels, whose town house this is, chips in with a few jaunty ballads, and Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames offer up their pungent parodies of music. There is also a small revue, of Village manufacture. Closed New Year's Day. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Coffee is the headiest potion on draft, but much greater headiness is supplied by the words of Woody Allen, who can turn flippancy into a minor art. There's folk music, too (at the moment, it issues from the Tarriers), but where isn't there now? Mr. Allen and the Tarriers are absent on Tuesdays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3	4	5

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): New Year's Eve is the end of the run for Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan and their manic scat singing, not to mention Paul Winter's sextet (late of the White House jazz room) and Mark Russell, a topical wit. The premises reopen on Thursday, Jan. 3, to house Lenny Bruce, whose findings are postscripts to the Chapman Report, and Nikki Price, a clear-thinking, clear-sounding soprano, whose aide at the piano is Dave Mackay. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The bigger the band, the bluer the blues of Joe Williams, who is now back in the family nest—Count Basie's big, booming orchestra. Nipsy Russell, whose conversation is tinged with blue of an altogether different sort, is also present. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The siege gun that has just been emplaced is Odetta, who shoots straight for the bull's-eye of her really-truly folk songs and (with Clark Terry's band) essays some monumental blues. Larry Adler, possessor of a most puissant harmonica, is part of the music staff; Herbie Mann, who runs a flute and a tribe of Caribbean drummers, is the rest. After New Year's Eve, there'll be an armistice until Friday, Jan. 4, when Horace Silver's quintet (the trembling of aspen leaves) and Lenny Maxwell (one of those funnymen) arrive. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM,** 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): The jazz that came up the river to 52nd Street has now come down to the Village. It's fostered by Wilbur de Paris and band, in which Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, Wilber Kirk, and Sonny White are apt to be embedded. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Wild Bill Davison's exulting, good-old-days sextet—Vic Dickenson, Buster Bailey, Dick Wellstood, Buzzy Drootin, and Willie Wayman are deeply and redoubtably involved in it—stands ready to fill all ears to overflowing. Closed Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Gene Krupa's feat of guiding his foursome and beating his drums without ever quite knocking the house down is a triumph of reckless driving. Terry Gibbs, an infrequent visitor nowadays, is contributing a quartet, too. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of the hall. . . . ¶ Saturdays, upstairs in the hayloft, the Twist is making what may be its last stand in our town. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Dizzy Gillespie, who can't take all that jazz seriously, is talking and tootling away in his standard happy-go-lucky way at the head of a quintet. Dinah Washington, who has a fair amount of majesty, does the singing. New Year's Day will be assigned to visiting firemen, and on Thursday, Jan. 3, a new crew will take over—Gerry Mulligan's quartet and Philly Joe Jones' sextet. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Zoot Sims and Al Cohn have brought their quintet back to their favorite meetinghouse. Closed New Year's Day. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Tony Parenti, an Old Condon Blue, is at the head of a steeped-in-tradition band that has Sammy Price on piano. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The principal occupant of the bandstand is Ahmad Jamal's new-school trio, which, like Ida, is sweet as apple cider. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. Closed New Year's Day. On Wednesday, Jan. 2, Marian McPartland's trio will succeed the Jamals. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Lee Evans' threesome is energetic and enervating in approximately equal measure. The easy-does-it intermission piano comes from Frances Thompson. No sounds of music on New Year's Day. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): College-extension seminars in early American history are held every weekend. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 28-29, the faculty should include Jo Jones, Edmond Hall, Red Richards, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Pee Wee Erwin, Johnny Letman, Eddie Barefield, and Panama Francis. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed New Year's Day. Some, as indicated, will be closed Monday, Dec. 31.)

LEIF ANDERSEN—Figures and city scenes; through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Nessler, 718 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.)

EUGENIE BAIZERMAN (1899-1949)—Oils, water colors, and drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

LUDWIG BEMELMANS—Gouaches from two books, "On Board Noah's Ark" and "Marina," by this artist who died in October; through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

RONALD BLADEN—Relief paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Green, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—Oils, gouaches, and drawings by this Paris modern; through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

ANDRÉ FRANÇOIS—Paintings and drawings by the French cartoonist. First one-man show in New York; through Jan. 8. (Bianchini, 16 E. 78th St.)

JAMES GILL—Figure paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

WILLIAM GROPPER—Pastels and drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 5. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St. Open Thursday evenings until 9.)

AL HIRSCHFELD—Gouaches and drawings by the theatrical caricaturist of the *Times;* through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Amel, 63 E. 57th St. Closed Monday, Dec. 31.)

BEATE HULBECK—Collages and gouaches; through Saturday, Dec. 29. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

KARL KNATHS—A twenty-year retrospective of paintings, mainly on Cape Cod themes; through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Monday, Dec. 31.)

HENRY KOERNER—Drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

WIFREDO LAM—Paintings by a Cuban artist living in Italy; through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

GRANDMA MOSES—A memorial exhibition of her works, dating from pre-1938 worsted pictures to her last finished painting, "Rainbow;" through Saturday, Dec. 29. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT MOTHERWELL—Abstract Expressionist oils and collages; through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

DAVID PARK—Water-color figure paintings, the last ones done by this California artist before he died in 1960; through Jan. 12. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

PICASSO—A group of new linoleum cuts (heads, figures, and still-lifes) being shown here for the first time; through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN PIPER—This English artist is exhibiting a model of the baptistry window of the new cathedral at Coventry, and original designs and cartoons for it; through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Landry, 111 E. 79th St. Closed Monday, Dec. 31.)

LARRY RIVERS—"Paris and After, 1961-62," paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 5. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

FRANK ROTH—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

CHARLES SELIGER—Abstract oils; through Fri-

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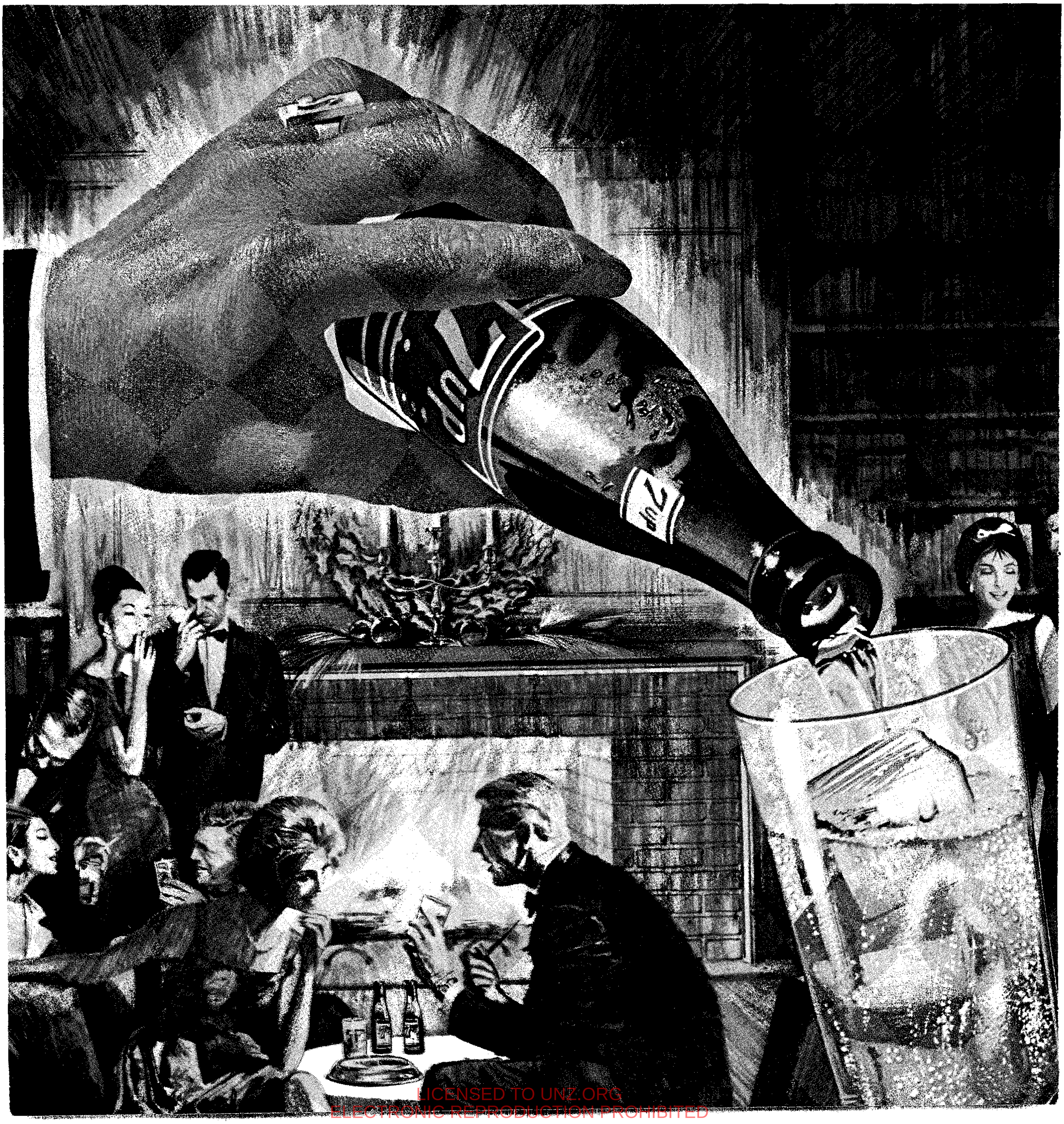


day, Dec. 28. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

Carol Summers—Woodcuts; through Jan. 12. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Jean Tinguely—Audible, jiggling sculpture contrived of working radio parts by this Paris artist; through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

Sol Wilson—Drawings of landscapes, cityscapes, and seascapes, with figures; through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Drawings—At the **balin-traube**, 11 E. 74th St.: Works by American painters and sculptors, including Earl Kerkam, David Smith, and Esteban Vicente; through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8:30.)... **brandt**, 11 E. 57th St.: Master drawings by (for instance) Bronzino, Giovanni di Bologna, and Carrachi; through Saturday, Dec. 29. ... **frumkin**, 32 E. 57th St.: Landscapes, figures, and fantasy by Leon Golub, Philip Pearlstein, Mondrian, and other Americans and Europeans; through Saturday, Dec. 29. ... **world house**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: European examples principally, by such artists as Dubuffet, Klee, and Morandi; through Jan. 12.

Sculpture/International—Pieces by, among others, Marino Marini, Louise Nevelson, and Alfonso Ossorio; through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays and Wednesday morning, Jan. 2.)

Primitive Sculptures—"Sculpture from the Congo," consisting of objects in wood, ivory, bronze, and the like used in religio-magical rituals before the European influence was felt; through Feb. 2. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **east hampton gallery**, 22 W. 56th St.: "Painting, Ten Years Ago," a survey of pieces by nearly fifty artists, among them Adolph Gottlieb, Willem de Kooning, and Franz Kline; through Saturday, Dec. 29. ... **gordon's fifth avenue gallery**, 68 Fifth Ave., at 13th St.: John Chamberlain, Robert Mallary, and Jim Dine are three of the artists in a predominantly American showing of small paintings and sculptures; through Sunday, Dec. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)... **lewison**, 50 E. 76th St.: A dozen canvases (by Blakelock, Twachtman, and Hassam, to mention a few) on loan from the Engineers' Club, the Lotus Club, The Players, and the Salmagundi Club; through Saturday, Dec. 29. ... **milch**, 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by the gallery group, including Leon Kroll, Ogden Pleissner, and Xavier Gonzalez; through Jan. 12. (Closed Mondays.)... **peridot**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Reginald Pollack, Tobias Schneebaum, Morris Brose, and others; through Jan. 12. (Closed Monday, Dec. 31.)... **wise**, 50 W. 57th St.: From a period covering three decades, five paintings apiece by Milton Resnick, Lee Krasner, and a half-dozen more artists, plus sculptures by Michael Lekakis; through Jan. 12.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **elkon**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and drawings by such twentieth-century artists as Dubuffet, Kline, and Riopelle; through Jan. 12. (Closed Monday, Dec. 31.) ... **jackson**, 32 E. 69th St.: Morris Louis, Antoni Tàpies, Sam Francis, and other painters; through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Closed Mondays and Wednesday morning, Jan. 2.) ... **bertha schaefer**, 32 E. 57th St.: Small works (constructions, paintings, needlework, and collages) by Harry Dix, Sue Fuller, Robert Partin, Dana Romalo, and Mimmo Rotella; through Saturday, Dec. 29.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **niveau**, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: French moderns, including Raoul Dufy, Buffet, and Vlaminck, in a show of oils and water colors; through Jan. 26. ... **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: Botticelli, Tintoretto, and Rembrandt are three of the artists represented in an exhibition called "The Painter as Historian," made up of mythological, religious, and secular paintings of the fifteenth century to the nineteenth. A joint benefit for the Alliance Française de New York and the French-American Atlantique Association. Through Feb. 2.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Stone Guest: Dialogues Between Persons and Statuary," a showing of prints, drawings, and photographs on the colloquy between Aristotle and the bust of Homer and other encounters between people and sculpture; through Feb. 24. ... ¶ Nineteen drawings executed by John Singleton Copley after he left Boston in 1774 and settled in London. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Oils, water colors, and drawings by the Abstract Expressionist Arshile Gorky, who died in 1948, at the age of forty-four; through Feb. 12. ... ¶ An exhibit of recently acquired paintings and sculptures by, for example, Braque, Epstein, and Rivers; through Jan. 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—As a special holiday feature, Jan Mostaert's "The Adoration of the Magi," lent by the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam, is being shown for the first time in this country; through Jan. 6. ... ¶ A large display of works from the collection of the late Louis E. Stern, comprising American and European paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings (by Marin, Chagall, Giacometti, and others); objects of ancient Near Eastern, primitive, and Oriental art; and illustrated books. Through March 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Muslim miniature paintings chosen from major American collections; through Feb. 3. (Mondays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—Thirteenth- to fifteenth-century manuscript illustrations, about seventy in all, from the private collection of Georges Wildenstein, in Paris; through March 3. (Tuesdays, except New Year's Day, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of Neapolitan paintings by seventeenth- and eighteenth-century artists, including Batistello Caracciolo, Salvator Rosa, and Corrado Giaquinto; through Feb. 10. (Daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A selection of four hundred and forty-four American and European sculptures (Daumier and Rodin to David Smith) from the collection of Joseph H. Hirshhorn; through Jan. 20. (Tuesdays, except New Year's Day, through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

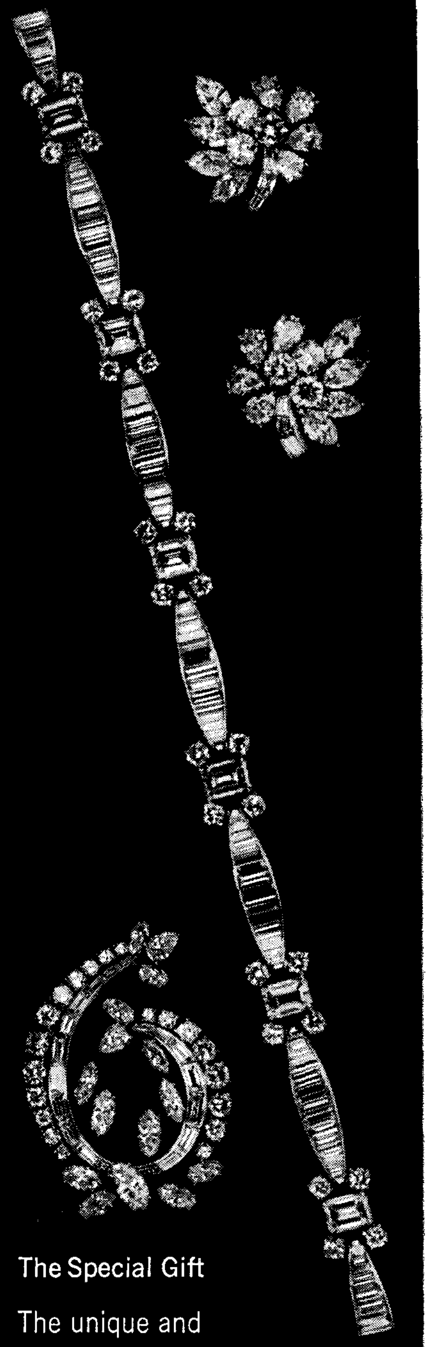
Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Old Master Drawings from Chatsworth," an exhibit of a hundred and fourteen works on loan from the collection of the Duke of Devonshire; through Saturday, Jan. 5. ... ¶ "The Nativity," thirty illuminated manuscripts depicting scenes relating to the birth of Christ; through Jan. 14. (Weekdays, except New Year's Day, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Tapestries, woven and metal fabrics, vases, and so forth, chosen in regional competitions, by artist-draftsmen residing in the North Central and South Central areas of the United States; through Jan. 13. (Weekdays, except New Year's Day, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—African and other primitive sculptures, lent by John and Dominique de Menil; through Feb. 10. (Tuesdays, except New Year's Day, through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings and sculptures by Maurice Golubov, Anna Walinska, Lily Ente, and seven other contemporary artists; through Jan. 6. (Daily, except New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1962 Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Sculpture and Drawings, an invitation show, includes items by Joseph Cornell, Hugo Robus, Philip Guston, and a hundred and



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sixty-one others; through Feb. 3. (Daily, except New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Dec. 27, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Dorothy Kirsten, Mignon Dunn, Barry Morell, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 28, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Lucine Amara, Helen Vanni, Karl Liebl, Otto Edelmann, Karl Dönch, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Anna Moffo, Nicolai Gedda, George London, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 29, at 8: The Metropolitan's first presentation of Richard Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Leonie Rysanek, Gianna d'Angelo, Kerstin Meyer, and Jess Thomas. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 31, at 8: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Elisabeth Söderström, Roberta Peters, Jean Madeira, John Alexander, Dino Formichini, and Frank Guarrera. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 1, at 8: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Régine Crespin, Hertha Töpper, Anneliese Rothenberger, Otto Edelmann, Ralph Herbert, and Sándor Kónya. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Leonie Rysanek, Gianna d'Angelo, Kerstin Meyer, and Jess Thomas. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 4, at 8: "Aïda," with Leontyne Price, Rita Gorr, Franco Corelli, Mario Sereni, and Jerome Hines. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 5, at 1: "Die Meistersinger," with Lisa Della Casa, Helen Vanni, Otto Edelmann, Sándor Kónya, Karl Dönch, Charles Anthony, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Roberta Peters, George Shirley, Frank Guarrera, Fernando Corena, and Cesare Siepi.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Following a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts next week, with Leonard Bernstein conducting a Haydn-Mahler program. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 4, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 6, at 3.)

MUSIC FORGOTTEN AND REMEMBERED—Frederic Waldman conducting the Musica Aeterna Orchestra, with Judith Raskin, soprano; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; Chester Watson, bass; and Ralph Froelich, horn. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

THE PLAY OF DANIEL—A twelfth-century musical drama, presented by the New York Pro Musica, with a choir of boys and men; John Westbrook, narrator; Charles Bressler, tenor; Gordon Myers, baritone; Brayton Lewis, bass; and others. (St. George's Church, 207 E. 16th St. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 27-28, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 29, at 3:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 30, at 8:30; Monday, Dec. 31, at 3:30; and Tuesday, Jan. 1, at 3:30 and 8:30. For tickets, call CI 7-7460.)

RECITALS

ROSALYN TURECK—Piano, in the last in a series of all-Bach programs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Dec. 29, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA—A program of music of fifteenth-century Burgundy, Flanders, and England. (Fuentidueña Chapel, the Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 2-3, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

MAUREEN FORRESTER AND GÉRARD SOUZAY—Contralto and baritone, presenting Wolf's "Italienisches Liederbuch." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8:30.)

ABBEY SIMON—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 4, at 8:30.)

BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 4, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8:30, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano.)

VIENNA OCTET—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

BLACK NATIVITY—The final performances in a one-week engagement of Langston Hughes' Christmas gospel-song play. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Thursday, Dec. 27, at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 29-30, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

JAZZ CONCERT—The Modern Jazz Quartet and a new band called Orchestra U.S.A. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Dec. 28, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2:30: Knicks vs. San Francisco. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 4, at 6:30: St. Louis vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Chicago.

BOXING—Joey Archer vs. Denny Moyer, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Jan. 5. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Green Bay Packers for the National Football League championship. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 30, at 2:05.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Dec. 27, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 30, at 7: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Toronto.

INDOOR POLO—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

OPERA FOR YOUNG PEOPLE—"Hansel and Gretel," with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Dec. 27, at 3.)

RECITAL—Leon Bibb in a program of folk songs. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2:30.)

CIRCUS AND HOLIDAY FESTIVAL—The Clyde Beatty and Cole Brothers circus (performances Thursday, Dec. 27, at 2, 4:30, and 7:30; Friday, Dec. 28, at 2, 4:30, and 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 29, at 10:30, 2, 5:30, and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 30, at 2, 4:30, and 6:30; Monday, Dec. 31, at 2, 4:30, and 8:30; and New Year's Day at 2, 4:30, and 7:30), plus a puppet theatre, side shows, carnival rides, a monkey speedway, and whatnot. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. CO 5-1299. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 27-28, from 11 to 10; Saturday, Dec. 29, from 10 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Sunday, Dec. 30, from 1 to 9; and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 31-Jan. 1, from 11 to 10.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **CHILDREN'S FINE ARTS GUILD:** "Beauty and the Beast." (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. CH 3-0153. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 27-29, and Saturday, Jan. 5, at 1 and 3.) . . . **EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE:** "The Stone Tower." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 27-28, at 2:30.) . . . **GUSSY COMPANY:** "Gussy, the 3-String Guitar." (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 27-29, at 1 and 2:30; Sunday, Dec. 30, at 1:30; and Monday, Dec. 31, at 1 and 2:30.) . . . **HILLTOP PRODUCTIONS:** "Babes in Toyland." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Thursday through Tuesday, Dec. 27-Jan. 1, at 1, 2:15, and 3:30.) . . . **MERRI-MIMES:** "Pinocchio." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 27-29, and Saturday, Jan. 5, at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **MERRY-GO-ROUNDERS:** "Celestial Elephant" and "Cakewalk," Friday, Dec. 28, at 2. . . . ¶ "Ballet Charades," "Celestial Elephant," and "1, 2, 3, Follow Me," Saturday, Dec. 29, at 11. (Junior High School No. 44, Columbus Ave. at 77th St. For tickets, call EN 9-4413.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Little Red Riding Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 27-28, at 2, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 29-30, at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **MUSIC BOX THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Heidi," Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 27-29, at 11:30 and 3; Sunday, Dec. 30, at 1; and Wednesday, Jan. 2, and Saturday, Jan. 5, at 3. "Tom Sawyer," Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 27-29; Wednesday, Jan. 2; and Saturday, Jan. 5, all at 1:30. "Clown Face," Monday, Dec. 31, at 3:30. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609.) . . . ¶ "Topsy Turvy Town." (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 27-29, at 1 and 3, and Sunday, Dec. 30, at 1.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Scraps." (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 27-29, at 1 and 3.) . . . **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Pinocchio." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 27-29, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30; Sunday, Dec. 30, at 1; and Monday, Dec. 31, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Enchanted Forest." (321 E. 74th St. BU 8-2500. Thursday through Monday, Dec. 27-31, at 1 and 3.) . . . **THEATRE OF THE LITTLE HAND:** "Punch and Judy" and "The Magic Box." (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 27-29, at 2 and 3:30; Sunday, Dec. 30, at 12:30; and Monday, Dec. 31, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology–Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Paintings of Bible stories by children from many countries; through Jan. 18. (Daily, except Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "On a Midnight Clear," tells the story of the Christmas star. Beginning Thursday, Jan. 3, there will be a new show, "Seven Wondrous Stars," which will describe the stars of the constellation Orion. (Special holiday schedule: Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 27-29, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 30, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Monday, Dec. 31, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; New Year's Day at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 2-4, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturday, Jan. 5, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Children under five not admitted.)

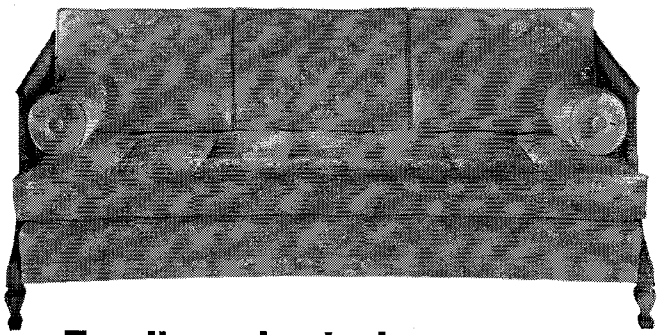
MOVIES—"101 Dalmatians," a full-length Walt Disney cartoon. A benefit for the Open Door Child Care Center. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Thursday, Dec. 27, at 10.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Thursday and Friday, Dec. 27-28; Monday, Dec. 31; and New Year's Day, all from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Monday, Dec. 31, and New Year's Day. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily, except Monday, Dec. 31, and New Year's Day.

IDEAS IN IMAGES—An exhibition of a hundred pictures by ten contemporary photographers, including Margaret Bourke-White, Andreas Feininger, and Arnold Newman; through Jan. 11. (American Federation of Arts, 41 E. 65th St. Mondays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Divorce—Italian Style—A very funny, because ruthlessly reasonable, farce, in which it's demonstrated that if the only way out of an unhappy marriage is murder, then murder has much to be said for it. The setting is Sicily, the star of an exceptionally able cast is Marcello Mastroianni, and the director is Pietro Germi. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Electra—The Greek director Michael Cacoyannis has filmed his version of the Euripides' tragedy in an authentic setting and with an authentic solemn grandeur. Luckily, the heroine, Irene Papas, is fair to look upon, and so is the Greek landscape. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

The Girl with the Golden Eyes—An exquisite and often quite mad French stylistic exercise that is largely the work of Quinto Albicocco, who did the stunning photography, and his son Jean-Gabriel, who, though just twenty-four, directed it. The story, from Balzac, is practically incidental, and so is the handsome cast, which includes Paul Guers and Marie Laforêt. The scene is Paris. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Jan. 1, tentative.)

The Great Chase—An enchanting medley of old movie chases, running from 1903 ("The Great Train Robbery") to 1927 (Buster Keaton's "The General"). Perfect for children, even for children who know more about old movies than you do. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Lawrence of Arabia—As beautiful a picture as you could hope to see, with much stirring desert combat and an honorable attempt to fathom a little man who was as odd as Dick's hatband. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, Anthony Quayle, and a dozen others, all wonderfully directed by David Lean. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays, except Monday, Dec. 31, at 8; Sundays at 7:30; and Monday, Dec. 31, at 7 and midnight. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner—What a poor young man from the Midlands is running toward or away from hangs in the balance for the length of this harsh English tragicomedy of working-class manners, lyrically directed by Tony Richardson. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—A fatally faithful replica of the Broadway original, with curious performances by Katharine Hepburn and Ralph Richardson, and a good performance by Jason Robards, Jr., who has been there before. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

The Longest Day—A dutiful but dreary recapitulation of D Day by Darryl Zanuck and several thousand able, or at any rate willing, assistants. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 27-30, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 1-2, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

A Matter of WHO—Terry-Thomas is at his jauntiest as a detective for World Health Organization, overcoming all obstacles to track down the source of a possible smallpox epidemic. The obstacles include the British Foreign Office and a sinister conspiracy in Middle Eastern oil. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Jan. 1, tentative.)

Mutiny on the Bounty—A big shipful of tried-and-true villainies and heroics, expertly filmed but always threatening to just keel over. A disastrous venture for Marlon Brando, who is by no means blameless. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Period of Adjustment—A slapstick comedy about a couple of young married couples and how hard they find the married state. Based on the play by the distinguished marriage counsellor Tennessee Williams, and starring Tony Franciosa, Jane Fonda, Jim Hutton, and Lois Nettleton. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Dec. 31.)

Phaedra—An odd but successful modern version of an old Greek horror story, featuring Melina Mercouri, Raf Vallone, and Anthony Perkins. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Jan. 1.)

Sundays and Cybèle—A touching French picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a pretty girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

A Taste of Honey—The sad, delightful Shelagh Delaney play, uncannily improved by the English director Tony Richardson. Faultless performances by Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, Robert Stephens, Paul Danquah, and Murray Melvin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 28.)

West Side Story—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances but inhumanly overproduced. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 27-29, at 2 and 5:15; Sunday, Dec. 30, at 2:30; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 31-Jan. 1, at 2 and 5:15; and Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

A Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; through Dec. 31.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Griffith, 215 W. 45th, CI 7-3513; Dec. 27, evening performances only.)

The Cranes Are Flying (1960)—A Russian picture dealing with a family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Jan. 1.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, and John and Lionel Barrymore are just a few of the notables in this film of the Ferber-Kaufman play. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 30-31.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Charlie Chaplin's classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; through Dec. 31.)

Only Two Can Play (1962)—Peter Sellers as an ineptly amorous Lucky Jim in a small town in Wales. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 28.)

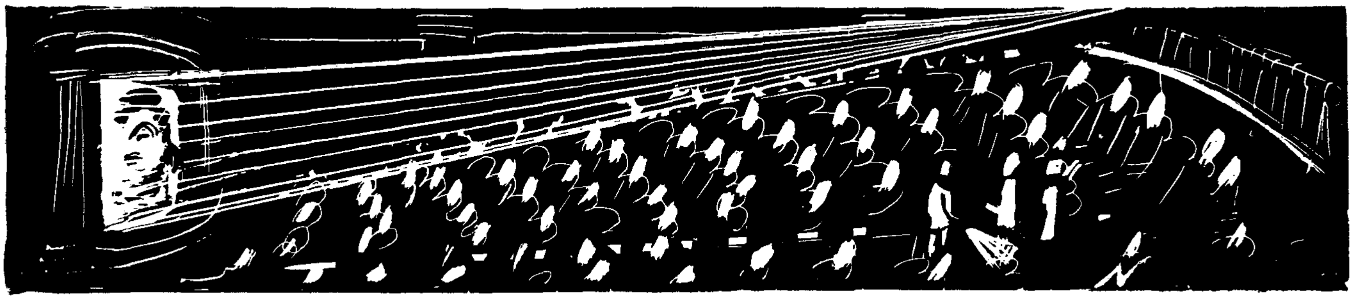
Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Jan. 1.)

The Thin Man (1934)—William Powell and Myrna Loy in the Dashiell Hammett mystery. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 27.)

Tillie's Punctured Romance (1914)—An old one, with Marie Dressler and Charlie Chaplin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 27.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Five programs in a series called "Swedish Films, 1909-1957"—Through Dec. 29: "Rhythm of a City" (1947) and "The Great Adventure" (1955), both directed by Arne Sucksdorff. . . . ¶ Dec. 30: "Miss Julie" (1952), with Anita Björk. . . . ¶ Dec. 31: "Illicit Interlude" (1954), with May Britt. . . . ¶ Jan. 1: "The Naked Night" (1956), with Harriet Andersson. . . . ¶ Jan. 2: "Dreams" (1960), with Harriet Andersson and Eva Dahlbeck. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES



THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Taras Bulba," Tony Curtis, Yul Brynner.

Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm," Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursday and Friday, Dec. 27-28, at 2:30; Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2 and 5:15; Sunday and Monday, Dec. 30-31, at 2:30; New Year's Day at 2 and 5:15; and Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.

De Mille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Barabbas," Anthony Quinn, Silvana Mangano.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Who's Got the Action?," Dean Martin, Lana Turner.

Griffith, 215 W. 45th. (CI 7-3513)
Through the afternoon of Dec. 27: "Dondi," David Janssen, Patti Page.
Dec. 27 (evening performances only): **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival; and "The Jazz Singer," revival, Al Jolson.
From Dec. 28: To be announced.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Jumbo," Doris Day, Stephen Boyd.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
THE GREAT CHASE.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"In Search of the Castaways," Maurice Chevalier, Hayley Mills.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"The Password Is Courage," Dirk Bogarde, Maria Perschy.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Lion," William Holden, Trevor Howard.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE LONGEST DAY.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Dec. 31 (tentative): "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.
From Jan. 1 (tentative): **A MATTER OF WHO;** and **THE GIRL WITH THE GOLDEN EYES** (in French).

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Dec. 29: "Gigot," Jackie Gleason, Katherine Kath; and "The Young Guns of Texas," Jim Mitchum, Jody McCrea.
From Dec. 30: "Gypsy," Rosalind Russell, Natalie Wood; and "Rider on a Dead Horse," John Vivyan, Bruce Gordon.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 1: **PHAEDRA.**
From Jan. 2: "Two for the Seesaw," Shirley MacLaine, Robert Mitchum.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Barabbas," Anthony Quinn, Silvana Mangano.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Eclipse" (in Italian), Alain Delon, Monica Vitti.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Who's Got the Action?," Dean Martin, Lana Turner.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"No Exit," Viveca Lindfors, Rita Gam.

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Dec. 29: "It's Only Money," Jerry Lewis, Zachary Scott; and "Shootout at Big Sag," Walter Brennan.
From Dec. 30: "Gypsy," Rosalind Russell, Natalie Wood.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
SUNDAYS AND CYBELE (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"David and Lisa," Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Lion," William Holden, Trevor Howard.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
"The Lovers of Teruel" (in French), Ludmila Tcherina.

Cinema I (PL 3-6022) and **Cinema II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
"Freud," Montgomery Clift, Susannah York.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
ELECTRA (in Greek).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
THE GREAT CHASE.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Taras Bulba," Tony Curtis, Yul Brynner.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Dec. 29: "Gigot," Jackie Gleason, Katherine Kath; and "The Young Guns of Texas," Jim Mitchum, Jody McCrea.
From Dec. 30: "Gypsy," Rosalind Russell, Natalie Wood; and "Rider on a Dead Horse," John Vivyan, Bruce Gordon.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Dec. 30: "It's Only Money," Jerry Lewis, Zachary Scott; and "Shootout at Big Sag," Walter Brennan.
From Dec. 31: **PERIOD OF ADJUSTMENT;** and "The Savage Guns," Richard Basehart, Don Taylor.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Through Dec. 31: **THE GOLD RUSH,** revival; and **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (in French), revival.
From Jan. 1: **POTEMKIN** (silent); and **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** (in Russian), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Dec. 29: "Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider.
From Dec. 30: "El Cid," revival, Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 2 (tentative): "Two for the Seesaw," Shirley MacLaine, Robert Mitchum.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Dec. 30: "It's Only Money," Jerry Lewis, Zachary Scott; and "Shootout at Big Sag," Walter Brennan.
From Dec. 31: **PERIOD OF ADJUSTMENT;** and "The Savage Guns," Richard Basehart, Don Taylor.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
PHAEDRA.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Reluctant Saint," Maximilian Schell, Ricardo Montalban.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
PHAEDRA.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Arturo's Island" (in Italian), Reginald Kernan.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Eclipse" (in Italian), Alain Delon, Monica Vitti.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Yojimbo" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE (in Italian).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Jan. 1: "It's Only Money," Jerry Lewis, Zachary Scott; and "Shootout at Big Sag," Walter Brennan.
From Jan. 2: "Bells Are Ringing," revival, Judy Holliday, Dean Martin; and "Where the Boys Are," revival, Dolores Hart, George Hamilton.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Dec. 27: **THE THIN MAN,** revival; and "A Free Soul," revival, Lionel Barrymore, Clark Gable.
Dec. 28-29: "Love Me or Leave Me," revival, Doris Day, James Cagney; and "The Champ," revival, Wallace Beery, Jackie Cooper.
Dec. 30-31: **DINNER AT EIGHT,** revival; and "The Passionate Plumber," revival, Buster Keaton, Jimmy Durante.
Jan. 1-2: "Her Majesty Love," revival, Marilyn Miller, W. C. Fields; and "Gold Diggers in Paris," revival, Rudy Vallée.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Two for the Seesaw," Shirley MacLaine, Robert Mitchum; and "The Proper Time," Tom Laughlin.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 27: **TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE** (silent); Prokofieff's "Cinderella," revival, in a full-length Russian production, danced by Raisa Struchkova and the Bolshoi Ballet Corps; and six Disney cartoons.
From Dec. 28: **A TASTE OF HONEY;** and **ONLY TWO CAN PLAY,** revival.

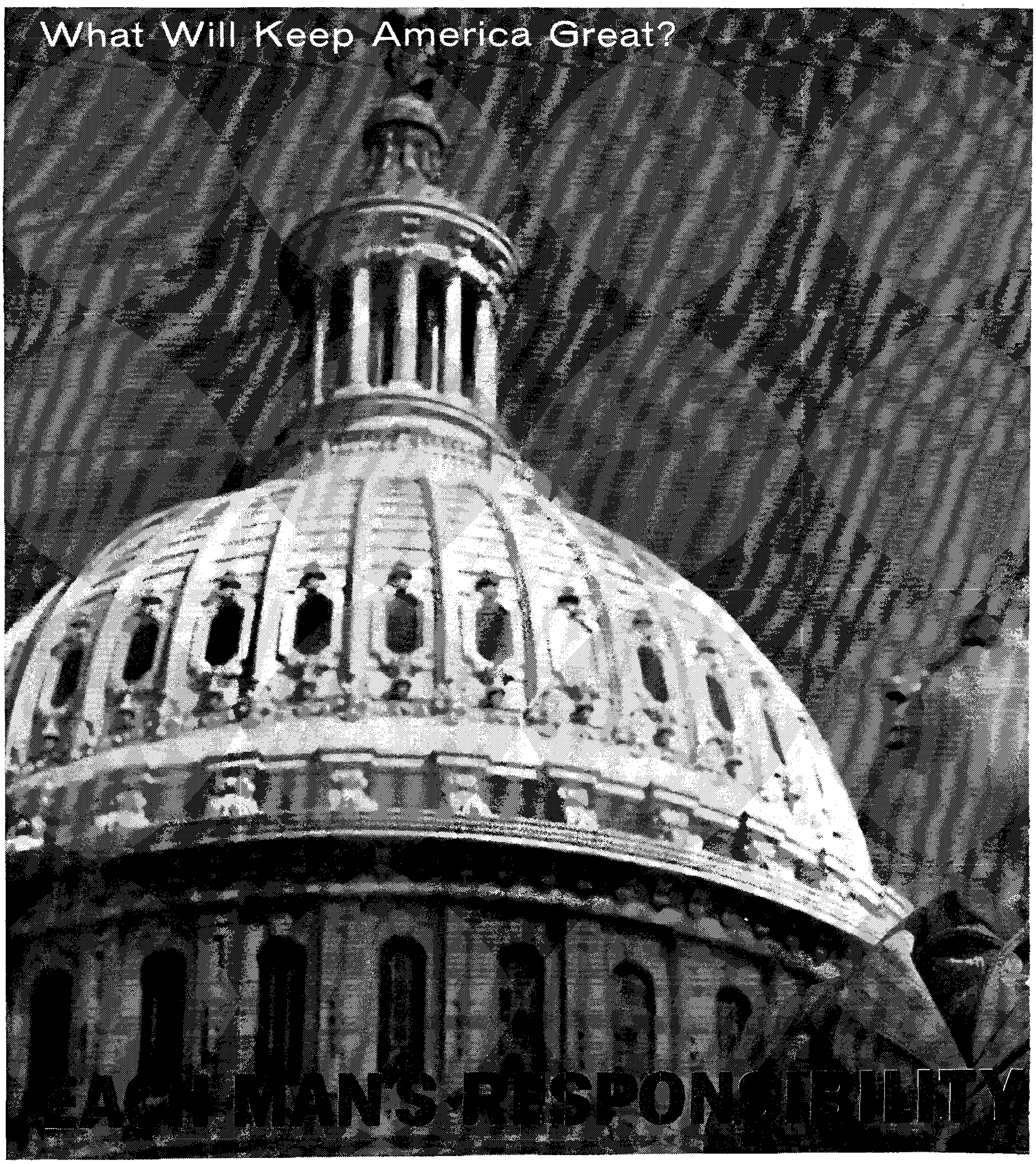
Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Dec. 29: "Gigot," Jackie Gleason, Katherine Kath; and "The Young Guns of Texas," Jim Mitchum, Jody McCrea.
From Dec. 30: "Gypsy," Rosalind Russell, Natalie Wood; and "Rider on a Dead Horse," John Vivyan, Bruce Gordon.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
PHAEDRA.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Jan. 1: "It's Only Money," Jerry Lewis, Zachary Scott; and "Shootout at Big Sag," Walter Brennan.
From Jan. 2: "The Comancheros," revival, John Wayne, Stuart Whitman; and "The Badlanders," revival, Alan Ladd, Ernest Borgnine.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Dec. 29: "Gigot," Jackie Gleason, Katherine Kath; and "The Young Guns of Texas," Jim Mitchum, Jody McCrea.
From Dec. 30: "Gypsy," Rosalind Russell, Natalie Wood; and "Rider on a Dead Horse," John Vivyan, Bruce Gordon.

What Will Keep America Great?



EACH MAN'S RESPONSIBILITY

. . . to preserve a free and strong America for future generations

Today we are going through a period of profound and far-reaching challenge in nearly every area of our national life. Abroad we must help in finding answers for the troubled and searching groups hungering for a better life. At home we must learn to deal with swift technological and scientific change, and shape this new world of man and machine to our nationa goal of individual happiness and fulfillment. We mus also secure for America the maximum incentives fo growth, since our economic well-being depends o a flourishing and expanding free enterprise systen

In the face of these challenges, each of us mus

xercise his determination to strengthen those qualies which have made America great: A firm belief in he democratic way...the wisdom to use our freedom fectively...our keenest ingenuity...a deep sense f humanity...a daring spirit of enterprise...and the mbition to move constantly ahead.

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Organized by Alexander Hamilton more than 175 years ago, this Bank, as it has served businesses and individuals here and abroad, has witnessed America grow in stature with each new challenge. We publish this message as evidence of our conviction that the qualities which make America strong are undiminished and the nation's greatest years lie ahead.

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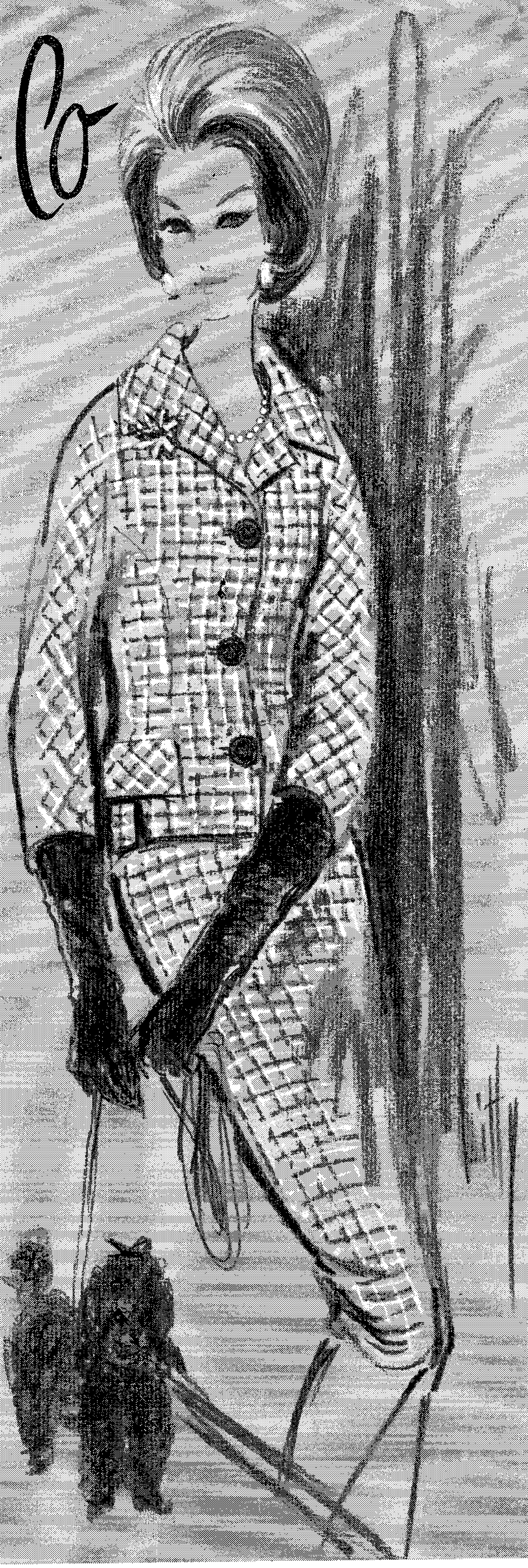

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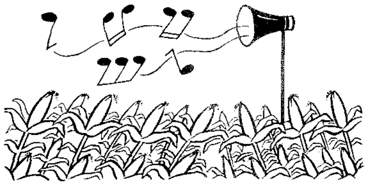
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

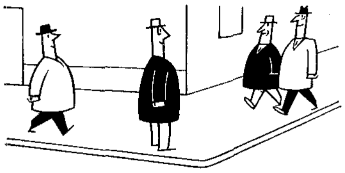
Notes and Comment

WE read the other day that corn whose ears are exposed to music grows better than corn that has nothing to listen to but the swish of its own tassels in the wind. At least, that's how the corn of an agronomist, George E. Smith, of Normal, Illinois, has reacted to music piped to it from record-players and radios in his barns through loudspeakers mounted on poles in the cornfields. Mr. Smith kept the music going night and day from the middle of May until harvest time, in mid-October, and the corn thrived. One of his hybrids got so excited (was it listening to Beethoven's "Eroica" or something loud and fierce by Charlie Mingus?) that it produced over three times as many bushels of corn per acre as its musically starved hybrid neighbors. Like all daring innovators, Mr. Smith has met with local resistance. Human neighbors within earshot expressed anguish over the twenty-four-hour musical day, and agricultural experts at the University of Illinois stated that "there is no known genetic, biological, or physiological reason to believe that sounds can affect plants." For our part, we plan to go all the way with Mr. Smith, and we have already written to a farmer friend in Ohio, where we sometimes spend a week or so in summer, suggesting that he dust off the old Victrola in his barn. Meanwhile, we are sorting out the records that we think our roses would like to hear next spring.



Constitutional

WE had a bracing walk the other morning with J. Victor Herd, chairman of the boards of The Continental Insurance Companies, fire-and-casualty-insurance underwriters; Hollis K. Thayer, a limited partner in the investment firm of Dominick & Dominick; and Covington Hardee, partner in the law firm of Clark, Carr & Ellis and assistant general counsel to the Union Pacific Railroad. These gentlemen are members of an unofficial band of Brooklyn Heights residents who robustly commute to executive desks on Wall Street by way of the footwalk on the Brooklyn Bridge, and we had wangled an invitation to join them on one of their admirable capitalistic strolls. Accordingly, we showed up, dim-eyed, at their regular rendezvous point, the corner of Hicks and Montague Streets, promptly at eight on the appointed morning, which turned out to be nippy and gray. Almost at once, the three men—variously hatted and topcoated—converged on us and the corner, full of snap and offering apologies for the absence of one of the regulars, Edward K. Bachman, who is a partner in the downtown law firm of Kelley, Drye, Newhall, Maginnes & Warren.



"Out of town on business, no doubt," said Mr. Herd, a splendid physical specimen of sixty, with red in his cheeks, who stands six feet four inches tall. Hatbrim upturned by a chill breeze, he started us off up Montague at a military clip.

"We'll pick up Sidney Davidson—he's senior partner in the law firm of Davidson, Dawson & Clark—along the way," said Mr. Hardee, a square-shouldered, forty-three-year-old South Carolinian and former Harvard Law School professor, whose walking attire included a homburg and a form-fitting gray coat with a velvet collar.

"I first started walking the bridge forty-three years ago," Herd said. "That's when I came here from the Midwest, at the age of seventeen, and went to work as an underwriter for the America Fore Loyalty Group, which is what The Continental Insurance Companies were then called. I had a room at the Bedford Y.M.C.A. Of course, in those days I walked to save the five-cent carfare, so I could buy a hot bowl of oatmeal for breakfast in Manhattan."

"Can't say I've always been that much of an enthusiast, but I got *started* even earlier," said Mr. Thayer, a quiet-spoken chap. "I was born in Brooklyn. So was my mother. In fact, my grandfather used to own the building that's now occupied by Armando's Restaurant, on Montague Street."

"By the way, Victor, I understand the Presbyterians have picked a new minister at last," Hardee said. "A Congregationalist!"

"That's right," said Herd, and the two discussed this neighborhood news until we reached the intersection of Henry and Clark.

"Well, here's Sidney's corner, but no Sidney," Thayer said.

"Can't understand it," Herd said. "We rarely have two of us missing on the same morning. In fact, we often pick up several extras. Warren Phillips, managing editor of the *Wall Street Journal*, for instance. And there aren't many mornings when the group doesn't walk. The weather has to be pretty foul before we're forced to ride to work. Doesn't happen more than once a month."

"I must confess I have my limits—if the thermometer goes above seventy or below twenty. Twenty above, that is," said Thayer. "I'm more likely to draw the line at rain or snow than these fellows, too."

"It usually takes me fifty-one minutes, door to door, but once I did it in thirty-five," Hardee said. "That was when the temperature went down to about zero, it must have been. Mighty cold for a South Carolina boy. I started wearing shoes to work that day.”

The four of us pressed steadily onward through the brownstone neighborhood, and presently came out on Cadman Plaza, climbed the stone steps leading to the bridge’s footwalk, and gained its boards. To our left, an electric sign atop Squibb’s Brooklyn plant flashed “8:16,” and ahead the topless towers of lower Manhattan rose in hazy majesty above the river, the surface of which—miles below, it seemed as we glimpsed it through the spaces between the boards under our feet—was still patchily covered with morning mist. Business was brisk on the river. Upstream and down, tugboats sped, their superstructures appearing flat at that height and their hulls showing up as white Vs against the dark water. Just below us, on either side, single strands of traffic jerkily protested their way to and from Manhattan. Free of vehicular tyranny, we bridge-walkers—and quite a few others, mostly loners—coasted along, under the first of the stone supports, twin-arched cathedrals that suspend aloft the perfect drapery of the structure’s classic cables.

Shaking off the attack of imagery, we approached mid-bridge, where a cheerful chap, known jovially to the rest of our party, handed us each a posy. Introductions revealed him to be Maurice Kerr, an employee of the city’s Department of Public Works, whose official title is steel inspector but who is unofficially known to the walkers as the bridge’s superintendent. Any friend of the bridge is a friend of Kerr’s, we could see as he rushed over to hand a posy to a single bridge-walker, whom he had suddenly recognized as a regular. It began to dawn on us then that to your true bridge buff the Brooklyn is not simply a gracefully wrought stand of inanimate materials but a palpable being. Hardee soon confirmed this for us when he had us stop momentarily at the Manhattan support of the bridge, to read the inscription on a plaque attached to the wall. It memorialized an award given to the bridge, for service to the community and mankind, by the American Institute of Steel Construction.

“Note the anthropomorphism,” said Hardee approvingly. “They gave the award to the *bridge*, not to any person or persons connected with it. Still, it is one of the very greatest creations man has ever put together.”

“I send out some Brooklyn Bridge Christmas cards every year,” said Herd as we began the gradual descent to City Hall Park.

A few moments later—forty-five minutes after our departure from the heart of the Heights, to be exact—having reached Manhattan, a new man, with lungs atingle, we smartly and gratefully shook hands with our companions, who then continued their walk to their various Wall Street addresses, while we headed for a subway and our office, which is in an uptown building managed by the real-estate firm of Helmsley-Spear.

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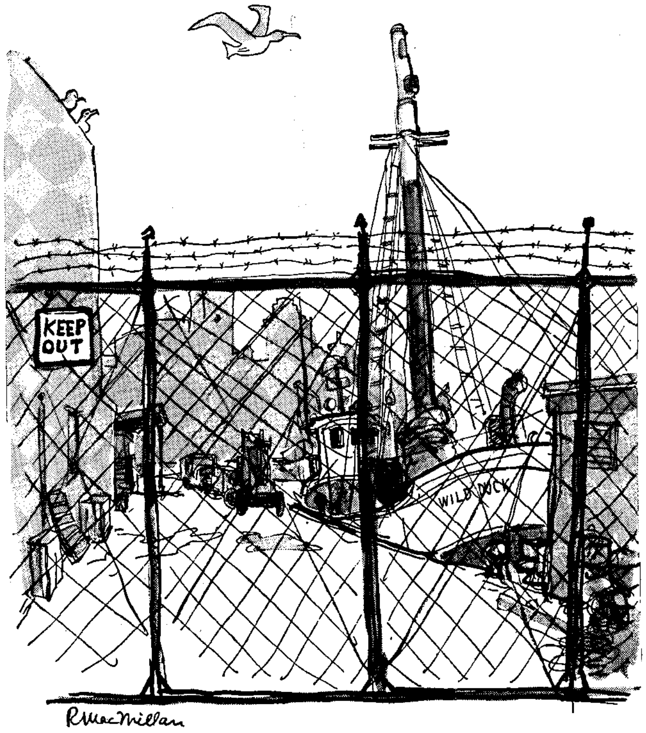
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE (COME AND GET IT DIVISION): The makers of Wonder Bread boast that “two slices a meal and a sandwich daily supply as much niacin to help maintain mental health as six sardines.”

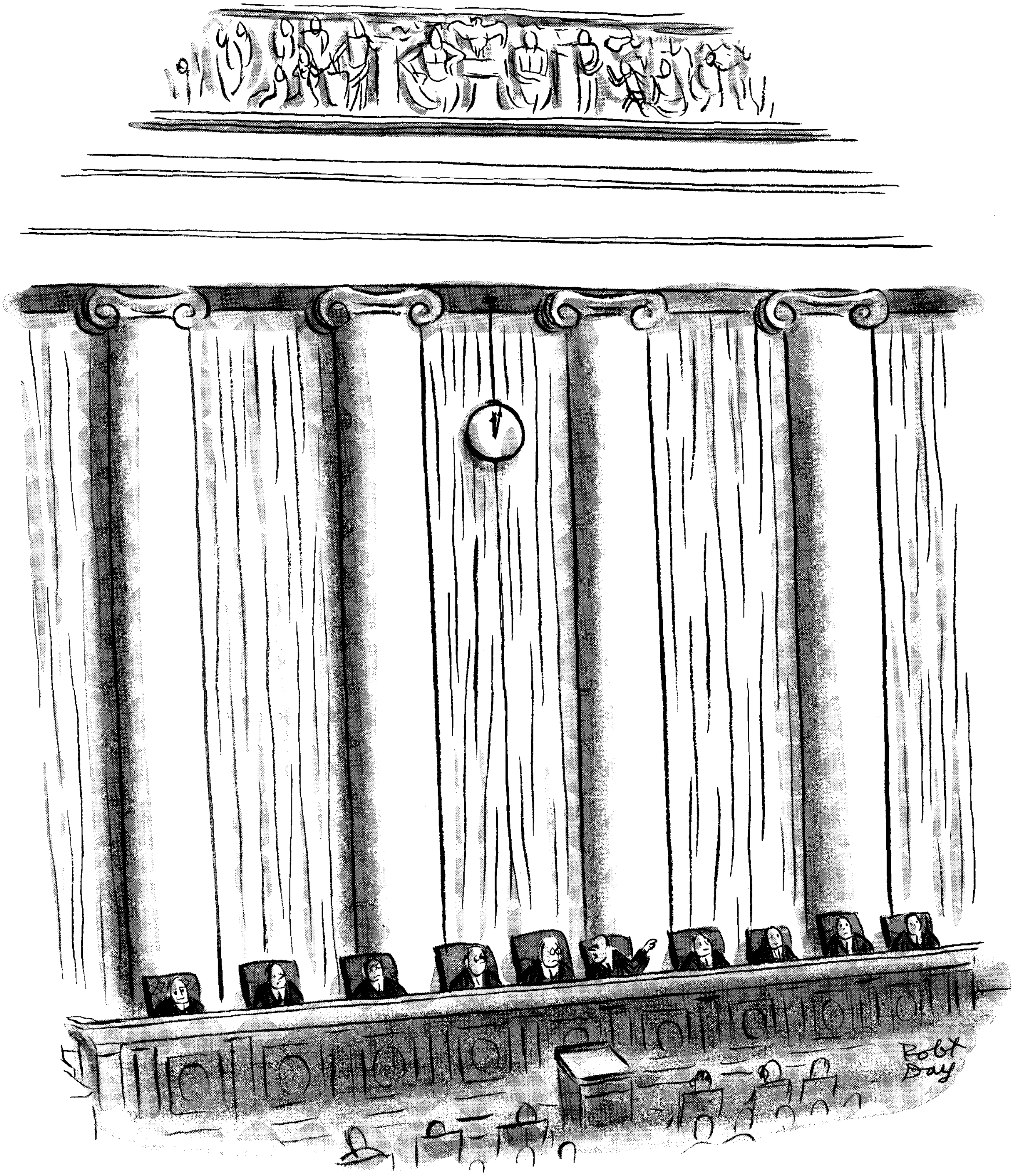
U.N. Names

HAVING been aware for a good many years now of the extreme variety of the names borne by delegates to the United Nations—names that, according to the latest edition of the little blue directory called *Permanent Missions to the United Nations*, range from the astonishingly long (Wijegoonawardena) to the no less astonishingly short (Yu)—we’ve finally got around to interrogating some of the delegates about what their names mean. It’s in the Western tradition, of course, for surnames to refer to place, occupation, or descent (by means of prefixes or suffixes meaning “son of”), and many of the most complicated-seeming of the foreign names at the U.N. have the same basis. Take His Excellency Professor Gunapala Piyasena Malalasekera, O.B.E., Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary, Permanent Representative of Ceylon. “My surname comes in two parts and is pronounced Malala-Sekera,” the Professor told us, and we suspected from his tone that he had been plagued by mispronunciations of his name for quite some time. “The use of surnames in Ceylon is something of an innovation, going back only to the arrival of the Portuguese, in 1505. The Malala refers to my clan—the house of Malala; it fought against Alexander the Great when he attempted to conquer India—and Sekera, which means ‘Crown,’ refers to an honor bestowed on one of my remote ancestors. My first given name, Gunapala, means ‘Protector of Virtue,’ and my second, Piyasena, means ‘Beloved of the People.’ ” The Professor smiled a melting smile. “Very hard names to live up to,” he said.

In Ceylon, the Professor went on, the choice of first names is usually governed by the stars. “We Singhalese are great believers in astrology,” he said. “Every day has its own letter, and in naming a child one must choose a name that begins with the letter of his birthday. People have either one or two personal names, and the surname is always from the father’s family. My clan came originally from northern India, emigrating to Ceylon more than a thousand years ago. There have been physicians in the family ever since. My brother is a physician in Ceylon today. I intended to become a doctor, but my father died before I was able to finish my medical education, and I became a teacher of philosophy instead. For twenty-five years, I was a university teacher of Buddhist philosophy, in Ceylon and Moscow.”

The Messrs. Yu, Lo, and Fu, of the Chinese delegation, have the shortest names in the directory, but what their names mean the Messrs. Yu, Lo, and Fu were unable to tell us. “Untranslatable,” they said, looking very wise. Mr. Ignatius Christiadi Mangkuseputro, Third Secretary of the Indonesian Mission, has a complicated name, reflecting more than one culture. He was given the name Ignatius because he is a Chris-





"Shouldn't there be only nine of us up here?"

• •

tian, but he is never called that; the name Christiadi means, in Indonesian, "The Good Christ;" and Mangkuseputro means "Protector of the Children." The surname of His Excellency Mr. Louis Rakotomalala, of the Malagasy Republic, means "Dear Sweet Man," while the surname of the First Secretary of the Malagasy delegation, Mr. Rémi Andriamaharo, means "The One Who Is Able to Protect."

We asked Mr. Ibrahim Allam Ibrahim Allam, of the United Arab Republic, why his name repeats itself. "That's because in my country there's no such form as 'Junior,' and if one has one's father's name the full name must be repeated," he told us. "Ibrahim is, of course, the name of the prophet, and Allam, in Arabic, means 'The Learned Man.' " Mr. Ibrahim Allam Ibrahim Allam laughed heartily heartily.

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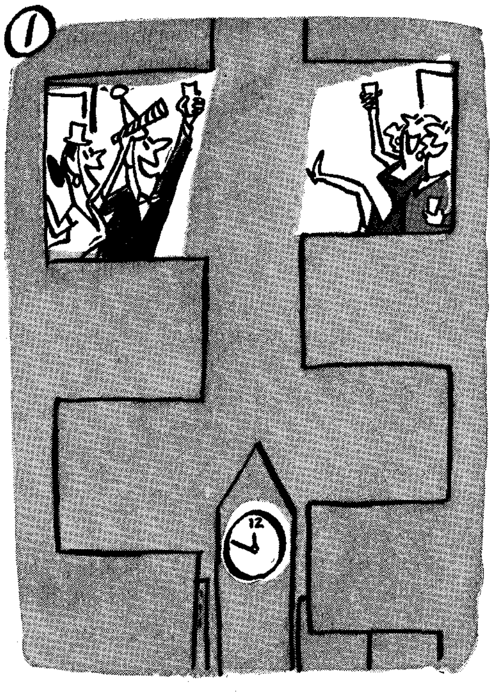
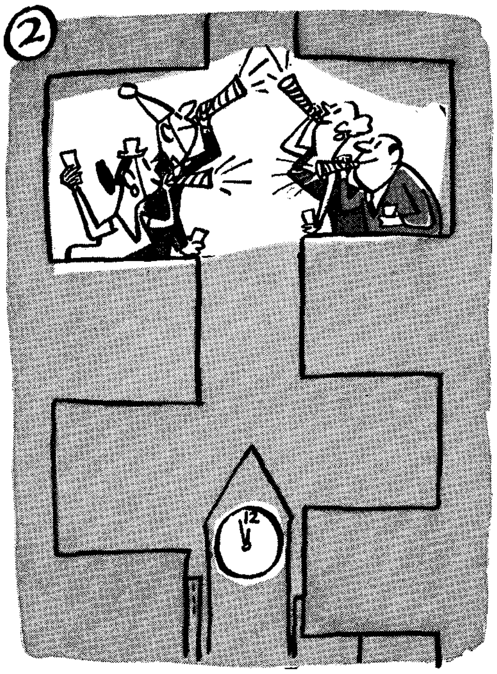
OVERHEARD at the Biltmore Men's Bar, herringbone jacket to sharkskin suit: "I simply wouldn't work at pure advertising. You're fussing with intangibles there."





News

WE'VE just paid a visit to the offices of the *Times* to inquire about the efforts the paper is making to keep in touch with its readers during the printers' strike. "There are four principal activities," Turner Catledge, the managing editor, told us in a melodious accent becoming a former resident of Philadelphia, Mississippi. "First, we are continuing to put out the two regional editions—the Western edition, which is printed in Los Angeles and has a circulation of over a hundred thousand, and the international edition, which is printed in Paris and has about thirty-five thousand. Almost all the copy for those editions comes from here. Normally, it is sent over telephone circuits by what we call justified tape, which is perforated tape that is fed into a linotype machine in Paris or Los Angeles and sets the transmitted material in type. That process is under the jurisdiction of the typesetting unions, so most of the Paris copy is now sent in the form of regular press cables and the rest by telephone. Everything for L.A.—edited copy, heads, crossheads, even a dummy for the front page—is phoned. We're getting out a pretty fair paper there." He showed us a copy of the previous day's Western edition, which ran to twenty pages, in two sections; was laid out like the local edition; contained the familiar features and columns; and offered evidence—as did the same day's international edition, which consisted of one ten-page section—that a small newspaper doesn't have to be dull.

Second, Mr. Catledge said, the New York *Times* News Service, which daily supplies some twenty thousand words of copy prepared by *Times* correspondents, editors, and columnists to seventy-two clients ("You can hardly name an important newspaper in the country that doesn't use it"), is being maintained. During the strike, the *Times* is offering the News Service material without charge to all TV and radio stations operating in this area. "They can use anything they want—Arthur Krock's column, Arthur Daley's column, the works," Mr. Catledge said. "All they have to do is come and pick it up. Those who do—we've got a separate basket out there by the door for each one of them—make quite a list." Third, he continued, the *Times* is trying to keep in touch with its readers by expanding the news broadcasts on its own radio station, WQXR, and by furnishing the services of *Times* staff members to two strike-inspired hour-long Sunday television programs—"The Sunday News," on C.B.S., and "The Sunday New York *Times* of the Air," on N.B.C.

"The fourth thing we're doing is what we call the catch-ups," Mr. Catledge went on. "A catch-up is a greatly abbreviated edition of one day's paper, which we hope to publish when the strike is over. Every day while it continues, we prepare, edit, and put aside enough copy to fill two pages. We lay it out and make up a dummy. When it's done, we put everything in a big brown envelope, seal it, and put it under lock. After that, nothing can be changed. When we put it aside, it's *published*." He held up an envelope. "This is the one from last night. It will be put under lock today."

Written on the front of the envelope were the large letters "FLO." We asked what they stood for.

"We've more or less borrowed the Weather Bureau's system," Mr. Catledge explained. "We name each catch-up after a girl. The one the night before Flo was Ellen. Tonight's will be Gertie. It sounds as if we were playing, but the system makes sense."

We asked how many catch-up names had already been selected.

"Well, we wind up with Xenia, Yvonne, and Zelda," Mr. Catledge said, glancing at a list on his desk.

After that?

"We'll use male names next."

At this time of the year, the *Times* normally has about fifty-five hundred employees. At present, it has about seven hundred, a lot of whom work out of town. "All the outlying bureaus are running full blast," Mr. Catledge said. "They have to. Hell-fire, we have to have the raw product for the News Service and the regional editions. For the same reason, we convene the news conference every day at 3:30 P.M. We have to get together to keep ourselves informed. If there is a big story anywhere in the country, we send people to cover it. We had a man covering the recent Farm Bureau Federation meeting in Atlanta, and we have a team working on a story about the emergence of California as the biggest state. They were working on it when the strike started, and they'll go ahead and finish it. We're continuing to cover the United Nations very thoroughly. Hell-fire, we've got eleven people over there right now. In this office and at the United Nations we now employ about a hundred and forty people. Would you like to have a look around?"

Accompanied by Mr. Catledge, we walked out of his office into the newsroom, where rows of gray metal desks stretched ahead of us for what seemed to be a city block. Most of them were vacant. Four men were working on the foreign-news desk as we passed by. "Here's the picture desk," Mr. Catledge said, walking on. "One man on it. This is the special copy desk that we've set up for the duration. It is manned by people exempted from

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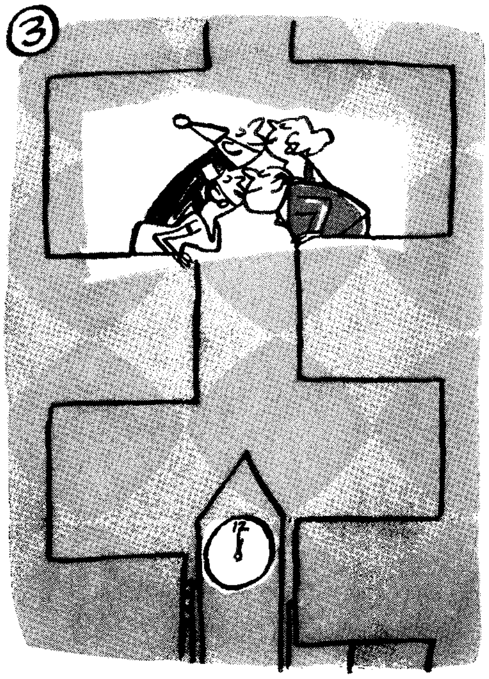

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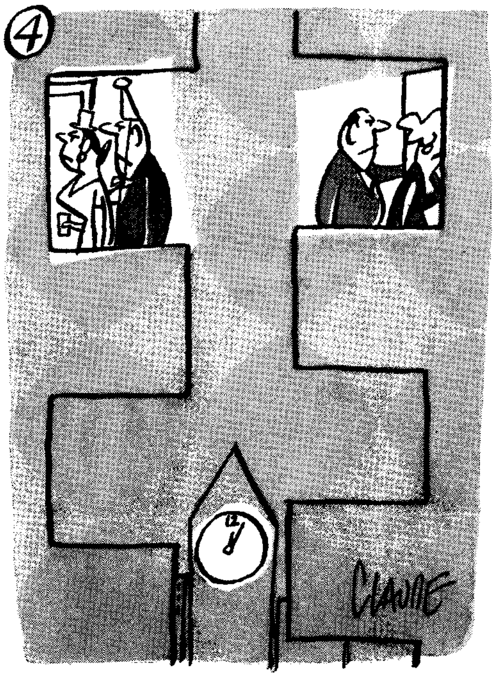


Guild rules and by people willing to cross the picket line. There are twelve to fifteen people on this desk. The real work is being done here. Everything continues to come in—A.P., U.P.I., Reuters. Even though we're down to two pages, we have to handle as much copy as when we're putting out sixty pages." We followed Mr. Catledge through the department that normally sends copy to the regional editions; the machines were under canvas shrouds. "It's sort of dead back here," he remarked, moving on through the financial-and-business, sports, and real-estate departments. In this wasteland, only the financial editor was to be seen.

Another man came down the aisle.

"How y' doin', John?" Mr. Catledge said.

"This gives me the creeps," John said, and proceeded on his way.

At the far end of the newsroom, we passed a number of small offices, where four or five people were at work. "This is where the cultural people are—music, books, art, the movies," Mr. Catledge said. "We have about fifteen people working in this department. During a strike, we have found, there is a tremendous increase in the desire for news of cultural happenings. It's one of the main things our News Service clients want, and much of the cultural material, including the reviews, is carried by the regional editions." Mr. Catledge waved to a man sitting at a desk in a far corner, whom he identified as "the director of cultural coverage," and asked him how he was doing.

"Never been so busy in my life," the cultural director replied, putting his feet on his desk.

"The worst part of all this is the *drag* of not doing anything that has a visible result," Mr. Catledge observed to us as he headed back to his office. "When you don't see any product, it's frustrating as hell. The satisfaction is not there. The responsibility is not there. When a newspaperman doesn't see the result of his work, why, hell-fire, his whole biological-clock mechanism gets messed up."

Mr. Catledge then arranged for us to make a quick tour of some other parts of the building in the company of Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, an affable, pipe-smoking assistant treasurer. Mr. Sulzberger took us up to the composing room, on the fourth floor, where we talked briefly with the *Times*' production director, a dynamic-looking young man named Thomas Campion. When the plant is in operation, Mr. Campion told us, about three hundred men are at work on this floor. Now, except for a guard at the door, the composing room was deserted, and it was dark. For our benefit, Mr. Campion turned on a light in what is known as Ad Alley, and we glanced at some pages of type that had been made up for the day the strike began. Among the messages that were to have been delivered that day was one from S. Klein concerning "Hand-Beaded Cocktail Cardigans—Gift Value Supreme." When we had finished looking at the slabs of cold type, Mr. Campion switched off the light, and we thanked him for showing us around. "Come again when we're in business. There's nothing to do now but sit and wait until the boys go back to work," he said, in the cheerless tone that seemed prevalent throughout the building, except in the office of Elliot Sanger, the executive vice-president of WQXR, to which we next repaired.

"The sales department is going crazy," Mr. Sanger said after we had taken a chair near his desk. "There are all these potential new advertisers who want to crowd in, and we're taking away more and more time for news. Right now, we don't sound so much like America's Number One music station. We've had to change the operation materially, because we're very news-conscious here. We've increased almost all of our five-minute news programs to ten or fifteen minutes or longer, and we're inserting special features in the news programs, such as minute-and-a-half comments by correspondents and critics. We've added a number of new programs, including a summary, by John Oakes, the editor of the editorial page, of the editorials in the Western and international editions; a listing of the important events of the day at nine-thirty every morning except Sunday; and a daily five-minute sports roundup by Jim Roach, at five-thirty-five. At seven-twenty, Ted Bernstein and Joe Durso discuss the makeup of the front page of the catch-up edition for ten minutes. They're both excellent ad-libbers, and that show seems to be the hit of the week. At one-thirty on Sundays, we have another new program—'News of the Week Forum,' a half-hour show on which Lester Markel, our Sunday editor, and two of his assistant editors discuss the material that would normally appear in the 'News of the Week in Review.' "

We asked Mr. Sanger if he had had trouble persuading members of the *Times* staff to go on the air.

"Just the opposite," he said. "The problem is how to keep them off without hurting their feelings."

The New Day

A LADY we know who lives in Hastings-on-Hudson recently received this note from the principal of the local elementary school that her daughter attends:

> Your child's attendance record has not been entered on the report card due to the fact that this information has not been received from data processing.

THE SCHOOLMASTER

OUR village is especially proud of three things—the temple, the local idiot, and the Middle School.

We are proud of the temple because, for one thing, it is the earliest example of Pallava architecture in India, and learned men are always coming down from Madras University to exclaim over the grace and balance of its sculpture. For another—and this is far more important to us—there is a splendid old pipal tree beside it, its branches hung with fluttering pieces of white cloth tied there by pilgrims as votive offerings in return for prayers granted. It is a pretty reliable tree on the whole; at any rate, the pilgrims have been increasing every year, and with them the temple revenue.

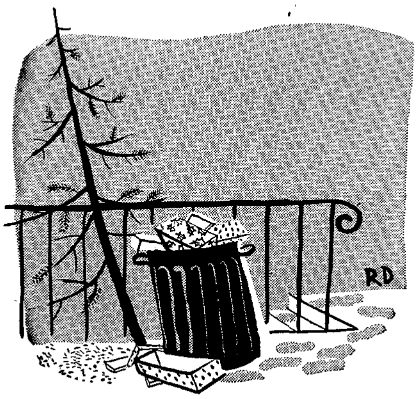
The local idiot is something of a mascot. Old Mother (we call her that as a sign of our respect and affection), who lives down at the corner of the street, tells of the night he was born—of a wandering sadhu who visited the village and pronounced a special blessing, declaring that hereafter the child was under his spiritual protection. Its mother lived just long enough to hear the blessing, and managed to smile, but the sadhu turned to Old Mother and said under his breath, "The child needs it. Look after him," after which he walked out of the door into the darkness and was never seen again. So the idiot went into Old Mother's care—a huge, witless boy who roamed the streets uttering raucous, discordant noises and slavering with excitement every time he saw a bicycle or a car. Once when Old Mother went to the city to visit relatives, she brought back a tin of polish and gave it to him. After that, he made a living polishing bicycles or an occasional motorcar. A legend had grown up that the sadhu's blessing affected not only the idiot but his surroundings as well—as long as he lived in our village, it would be safe from disaster; his presence insured our luck.

Whether from coincidence or otherwise, it was true that catastrophes that struck the surrounding areas passed lightly by our village. During days of famine, the temple granaries were full enough to prevent any deaths from starvation. When drought ravaged the south, we had sufficient water from a new well dug near Old Mother's house, on a spot designated by one of the pilgrims, who happened to be a water diviner. It was the exact place where the idiot usually sat on a stump making earsplitting noises with a plantain-leaf whistle, and this, it was concluded, was further evidence of the sadhu's blessing, and revealed the inarticulate wisdom of the idiot himself. Hadn't he chosen the place every day, and hadn't we been fools enough not to recognize his message?

And it was the idiot who gave the zamindar's car its extra-shiny coat of polish, and evoked, we were positive, not only praise for his efforts but a most unexpected and generous donation to the village Middle School—an endowment in memory of a favorite son, who had died young. With the new capital, we would be able to hire teachers at our own discretion instead of being dependent upon the government. This made our school the only one of its kind within a radius of fifty miles. And somehow it became a point of honor with all the villagers to contribute what they could to run it. Children were sent regularly, and Old Mother took it upon herself to deliver a stinging lash of her tongue to any indifferent parents who preferred to have their offspring help in the fields rather than sit in school all day.

Old Mother was, in fact, so interested in the working of the school that when the old master was transferred to a government school and the school board held a meeting to decide about a new master, she insisted on being allowed to attend the meeting, or at least have a verbatim report of it from the village headman, or *karnam*. Our *karnam* has always been a mild-mannered man, and even years of being headman have not altered his innate courtesy. He sat patiently in her little two-room house and told her what had happened.

The school board had advertised for a teacher in the national papers, and had received five letters of application. Two had been dismissed at once because the writers were so absurdly young. "Barely twenty-one, would you believe it?" said the *karnam*, and Old Mother shook her head in bewilderment at the new ways. The third letter had been arrogantly worded; the applicant had wanted to know whether there were any cinema theatres in the village, and how many miles we were from the nearest city. As it happened, there *was* a theatre newly opened in the village, but Old Mother agreed with the *karnam* that this preoccupation with cinemas did not seem the right attitude for a man who would be in charge of molding the minds of young children. "The fourth was out of the question," the *karnam* said emphatically. "Too many degrees. We know that kind." Old Mother nodded again. She believed firmly that a head could be crammed with just so much; beyond that, the balance would be upset.



They arrived at the fifth applicant—Mr. Sharma. The drawback here was that Mr. Sharma was from the north, and a stranger to our ways. But his letter, expressing all that he wanted to do in his work with children, had touched the *karnam*, though Mr. Patel, the owner of the theatre, had warned that too much theory detracted from the practice of anything—from teaching children to tapping toddy. However, this was Mr. Patel's hobbyhorse, so the board had chosen to ignore the warning and had hired the man. "Besides," the *karnam* said proudly, remembering the new school funds, "we can always sack him if he is not suitable, and get someone else."

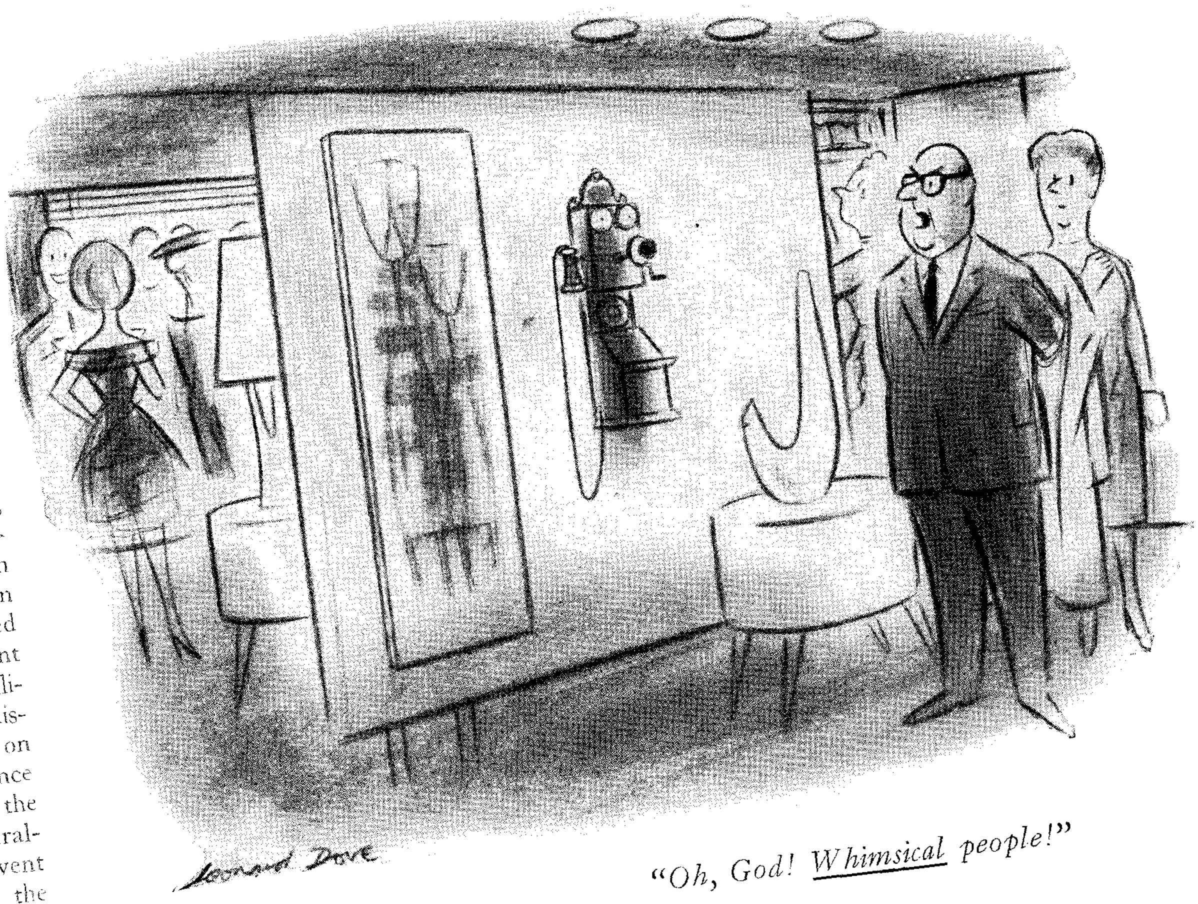
ALMOST the whole village waited beneath the banyan tree when Mr. Sharma's horse-drawn jutka came clattering down the dusty road from the railway station ten miles away. He was a small, thin man, rather nondescript, with spectacles and an unexpectedly charming one-sided smile. His clothes were white and hand-spun, which met with our approval, for after Gandhiji came to our village, two years before he died, we had started a coöperative handloom shop, and every man, woman, and child in the village knew how to spin. And through the open neck of his shirt Old Mother glimpsed the sacred thread, which was equally satisfactory, for it showed he was a Brahman and could be expected to know the classical texts.

The *karnam* welcomed Mr. Sharma. Mr. Sharma smiled back his thanks, and his eyes sought the children, who stood clustered to one side, watching him suspiciously.

They were still suspicious when they dragged their feet, half unwilling, half fascinated, to school next morning.

We grownups waited at home, wondering how things were going. At lunchtime, there was a collective joyous yell from the school, and the children rushed out chattering and throwing their schoolbags into the air. The schoolmaster was a success.

He was such an immediate success that Mr. Patel took to muttering, "Just you wait and see. . . ." We waited, but nothing happened. The children loved their school now. They had some classes out in the mango grove, which roused the disapproval of the elders in the village; they put on plays and dramatized stories from the ancient puranas, which mollified those who had disapproved; they went on excursions to science and art museums in the city; they had a natural-history club and went on rambles across the countryside, watching birds and collecting tadpoles; they even had a camera, which Mr. Sharma bought them with his own money, and learned how to develop film. For almost two months, the village was too astounded to make much comment. The third month, we slowly got used to Mr. Sharma's unorthodox ways. For in spite of the love of tradition implicit in his dramatization of the puranas, he had taught the children to be unafraid and ask questions. He himself was unafraid, and even told the school board off over some crisis in the ordering of textbooks. We heard of this with bated breath, and spoke of it in whispers. Then came the incident with the zamindar's weekend guests.



"Oh, God! Whimsical people!"

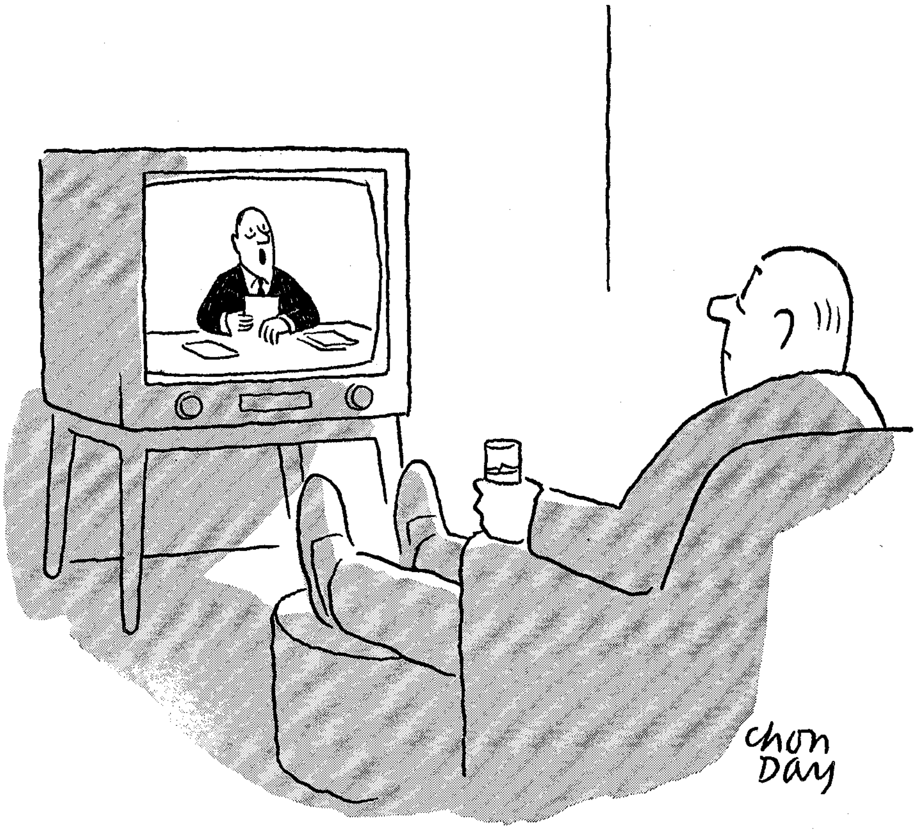
• •

OUR zamindar is far from the kind of zamindar they are always portraying in films from Madras and Bombay—bloated on the fat of the land, seducing innocent village maidens when they are drawing water from the well. He is an absent-minded old soul who spends most of his time looking up and down the country for the right guru. About once every three years, he thinks he has found his ideal spiritual mentor; then something about the saint disappoints him and he begins the quest all over again. Our village had seen one child saint from the south, one woman saint from the north, and about six holy men gathered separately from different areas. They were brought in turn to live in the zamindar's house, down by the river to the south of the village, until each went out of favor and was sent back to wherever he had come from.

This house is hidden from view by a mango grove, and hesitates on the brink of a splendid stretch of rice fields. The fields are barely a fraction of what the zamindar's estate once was, before the government passed the Zamindar Abolition Bill. Then he was counted a minor rajah, and he and his family, as chief landlords of the district, owned not only the land in and around our village but two of the neighboring villages as well. Today he retains the title and much of the prestige, but his present property is confined to the Home Fields—those cultivated under his personal supervision—and the enormous white house by the river, which he and his son use, respectively, for devotional meetings and weekend parties. In compensation for the land that was given to his tenants, the government pays the zamindar a substantial sum every year, and it is said that much of it has gone to meet the expenses of this son, who stayed abroad many years and then returned home, greatly addicted to parties.

On whichever weekend the son decided to entertain, cars would drive in from the city, their brilliant headlights swinging around the curve by the banyan tree, past the theatre and the well and the wayside stalls, and then turning left down the bumpy road that leads to the mango grove and the house beyond. Beginning with a flash of chromium and ending with a cloud of dust, they were plangent intrusions from a different world, honking their way impatiently through our narrow village streets. Startled housewives dropped their pots, and babies sleeping by the windows began to wake and scream. Some of us muttered a little, but the *karnam* promptly squelched any impertinence; agricultural reforms might come and go, but the zamindar was still the rajah of the neighborhood. There was less complaint about the sounds of laughter and revelry that floated through the rice-scented darkness later in the night. The visitors might be in our village, but they were of another world, and, with a tolerance bred in our blood down the centuries, we left them alone.

Except for the children. The children squished across the rice fields and hung over the fence looking into the windows of the big house, sucking their fingers and staring wide-eyed at the people and lights and rich clothes until the caretaker found them there and shooed them off. Once, they spied some



"What kind of a day has it been? Well, friends, those bags under my eyes aren't makeup."

white-skinned foreigners—one of them with hair the color of a ripe *badami* mango—and came scuttling back to the village to tell the tale. That night, a trail of villagers stepped single file through the fields and gazed at this marvel until the caretaker got after *them* as well, and shooed the whole crowd off.

The *karnam* decided to stop this ridiculous nonsense, as he called it. "Why stare so?" he demanded indignantly of Old Mother. "They're people, aren't they?"

Old Mother chewed her betel leaf and gave him a smile of great and toothless tolerance. "So are we," she said comfortably. "So we're curious. *Ayyo*, let it be. So you scold them today, so the cityfolk leave tomorrow, so we all forget it the day after. Let it be."

We continued to let it be. The parties had grown much quieter, and the schoolmaster explained, with a grin, that this was probably due to prohibition. He explained about prohibition, too, and why the government had banned liquor throughout the state. The children listened dutifully, and translated it all in terms of Minu. Minu was a slender little creature, seven years old, who sat at the desk by the door and stared out sorrowfully, because her father was a toddy tapper and prohibition meant he was out of a job. Mr. Sharma was helping him find another, but Minu continued to stare sorrowfully out of the door and the boys thought she was beautiful. So, to cheer her up, they took her with them on a midnight jaunt to the zamindar's house to view the latest lot of weekend guests.

This time, the party was noisier than usual. There was much clinking of glasses and pouring of liquid from bottles; there were guffaws, and screams, and other raucous noises of enjoyment. Soon it got so noisy that the villagers began to waken and stir about, and Minu and her friends prudently decided to get back to bed before the grownups discovered their absence.

But their decision came a moment too late. Some of the guests had walked out into the garden, and a big red-faced man, catching sight of the cluster of children huddled over the fence, moved up noiselessly, thrust out a big hand, and caught hold of Minu's skirt and dragged her forward. *"Ha!"* he boomed. "What pretty thing do we have here?"

Minu screamed, and the rest of the children jumped over the fence to her rescue, only to be forced back by a tight circle of strangers who completely surrounded the little girl, pinching her cheek and asking questions in loud voices. Minu blinked back her tears and stared at them with silent, concentrated fury, until the boys lowered their heads, butted their way through the circle in a whirl of lashing fists and kicks, and bore her off to safety over the fence.

This was when Mr. Sharma entered the picture. Faced with the prospect of going home to a scolding from their parents, and with a trembling Minu on their hands, the children turned their steps toward the schoolhouse and knocked on the schoolmaster's door. A sleepy voice answered, footsteps shuffled across the room, the latch slid back, and Mr. Sharma stood gazing down at the upturned faces. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. One of the boys, Mr. Patel's nephew, gulped and began to explain. But Mr. Sharma, with a lack of curiosity unheard of in grownups, stopped him with a gesture and motioned them into his room. There he heated milk for them to drink and sat holding Minu close until her shivering stopped, while he listened in silence to the story.

"They were so *big*," Minu quavered suddenly, speaking for the first time. "They were so big and tall, and they stood around me . . ."

Patel's nephew told us later that he had never seen the schoolmaster so angry. But when he spoke, his voice was quiet, as always. "It's all right," he said. "I'll speak to the zamindar about it. But don't go there again when there is so much clinking of glasses."

NEXT morning, before the story had time to get around, the schoolmaster closed his door behind him and walked purposefully across the fields to the mango grove and the house beyond. The caretaker saw him coming, took him to the dining room, where the zamindar's son was dawdling over his breakfast, and stood behind the door as a matter of course to listen to what was happening—which is how the village came to know about it.

"Yes?" the young zamindar inquired. "What can I do for you?" So early in the morning, his manner implied. He gazed at the schoolmaster with puffy-eyed distaste across the breakfast table.

The schoolmaster recounted, in level tones, what had happened the night before.

"Well," the young zamindar said when Mr. Sharma had finished, "what do you expect me to do about it?"

"I expect you to tell your guests to keep their hands off the village children," the schoolmaster replied equably.

The young zamindar's temper and

left eyebrow began to rise at the same time. "Why the devil should I? It isn't as if they raped the kid—"

"No," Mr. Sharma agreed. "They didn't. But by the time the story gets around the village, that is what it will have become."

"What happens in the village is none of your business."

"Minu is my business," Mr. Sharma said. "I teach these children—"

"Then why the hell don't you teach them not to trespass on other people's property? They deserve what they get, the miserable little devils."

"They were not trespassing," the schoolmaster corrected quietly. "They were outside the fence, and your friends pulled the child in."

"They were staring over it, which is just as bad, if not worse. All that vulgar curiosity—"

"Wasn't it equally vulgar curiosity on the part of you and your friends to drag a child in against her will and frighten her with impossible questions?"

The young zamindar leaped to his feet. "Of all the damned impertinence!" he shouted. "I will not have you insulting my friends under my roof. Get out!"

Mr. Sharma stood up, too. "All right," he said. "I'll get out. But first I must tell you this. If any of your friends ever dare touch a village child again, I shall report you to the police for having illicit liquor in the house."

The young man stared. "Are you *blackmailing* me?" he asked at last.

"Not really," Mr. Sharma said. "Not if you leave the children alone."

In the silence that followed, the old zamindar entered the room, clearing his throat in embarrassed little spurts.

The caretaker told us that the atmosphere changed after this. The old zamindar asked a good many vague questions and sat knitting his eyebrows, trying to sort out the replies. Finally, his son walked out of the room in exasperation, and the old man leaned across the table and offered Mr. Sharma a cup of coffee. "Forgive an old man's curiosity," he said, "and tell me, what made you think up this—ummm—this blackmailing stunt?"

For the first time that morning, Mr. Sharma laughed. "I lost my head," he admitted. "But I kept remembering Minu's eyes—"

"Minu?" the old man asked.

"Her father is a toddy tapper," Mr. Sharma said. "That man loses his job because of prohibition, while your son's bootlegging friends get drunk on cocktails and torment his daughter. How's that for fairness?"

The zamindar sighed. "Yes," he said. "It is hard."

"Hard, nothing," Mr. Sharma said, vigorously stirring the sugar in his coffee. "Don't you see, all *our* conflicts are finding expression in that unfortunate child. God knows how many worlds are destined to meet in her, poor thing."

"D'you mean she might marry a foreigner?" the old zamindar said brightly.

Mr. Sharma drank down his coffee very fast. "I have to go," he said. "Thank you very much for your kindness."

But the old man's attention had strayed. "Tell me again," he said. "How do you think my son looks?"

The schoolmaster paused a moment, and then his honesty got the better of him. "He looks like a dissipated child of forty," he said, and waited for the storm to break.

But, to his amazement, the old zamindar nodded. "He isn't forty yet," he said. "I worry about my son." Then he looked up at the schoolmaster and his eyes shone. "You have insight into the hearts of men," he said. "You recognize the quality of each one's spirit. Minu's. My son's. Mine. Tell me—have you ever considered becoming a guru?"

At this, Mr. Sharma took fright. He stammered his denials and his thanks all at the same time, and fled down the drive before the zamindar could utter another word. By the time he reached the sanctuary of his room and got ready for classes, opinions in the village were already clashing over his unsuspecting head.

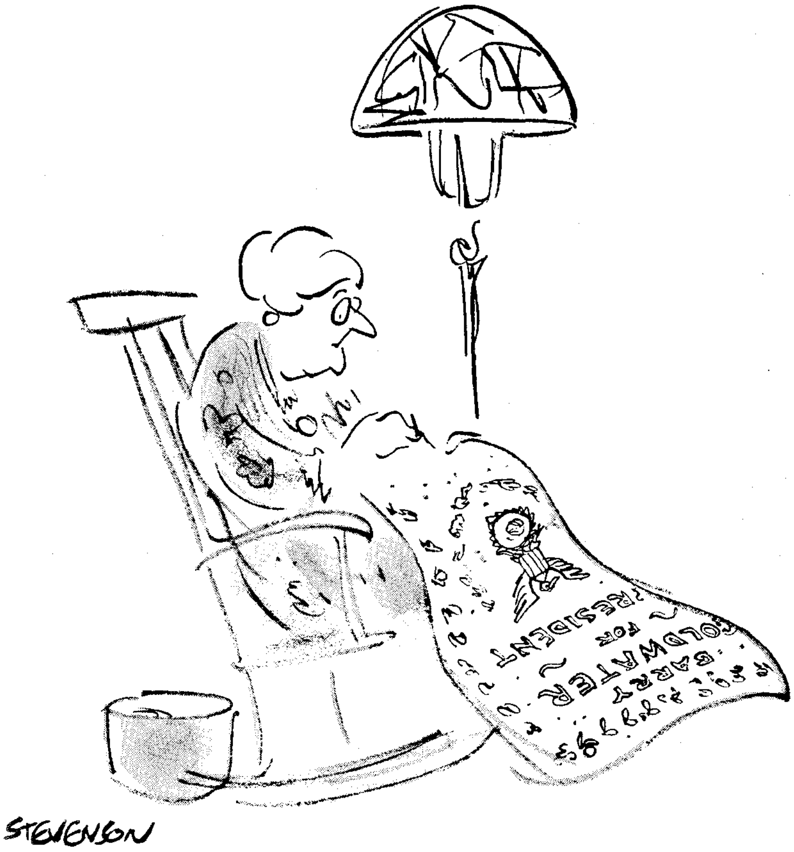
THE caretaker, as our chief informant, was pro-Sharma by inclination but pro-zamindar by loyalty—after all, he reminded us, he'd served the zamindars all his life. Mr. Patel's two older nephews, home after the benefit of a university education in the city, found in the schoolmaster a champion of democracy and fundamental rights. Old Mother chewed her betel leaf and said, "Well, I don't know about all that, but he certainly knows the classical texts." And the *karnam* and his entire faction believed that the schoolmaster had gone too far. It was shameless, it was brazen effrontery, it was impudence of the worst kind, adopting that tone to the zamindar. No one in the village had ever done it. *No* one.

"Feudalism," said the Patel nephews.

"Courtesy," said the *karnam*. "Respect."

Meanwhile, the caretaker was nagged by a mysterious detail he couldn't fathom. Mr. Sharma had mentioned a chicken drink, he remembered—a drink made from a part of a chicken—that had intoxicated the weekend guests. And we all put our heads together and tried to discover what this could be, until it eventually dawned on the Patel brothers. They roared and slapped each other on the back and roared again, and then explained it to the rest of us—which is how our village was first introduced to the cocktail.

Through all this, the schoolmaster continued to teach and



talk to the children, and to show Minu all of his books and pictures and gentleness until the distress of her memory slowly blurred. But he refused to see any of the adults; he even, politely and firmly, refused to discuss the affair with the *karnam*. We can only guess how it would finally have ended if the idiot hadn't taken it into his head to shower his patronage on the schoolmaster. He followed him to classes and sat crooning with delight in the last row; he followed him to his room and sat swatting flies by the door. He polished the schoolmaster's dilapidated old bicycle about six times a day, until it collapsed beneath so much attention. And Mr. Sharma took it all quietly and without comment. To the village, the idiot's favor, recalling as it did the sadhu's blessing, seemed to vindicate the schoolmaster. The dissenting voices gradually subsided, and he was reinstated to his position and again treated with the dignity accorded a scholar.

At this point, perhaps all that Mr. Sharma wanted was to be left alone, but the old zamindar hadn't forgotten him and was determined to thrust whatever greatness he could upon the schoolmaster. He increased the grant to the school, making provision for raising Mr. Sharma's salary, and even bought a little house around the corner from the school, furnished it, and had the school board allocate it to the schoolmaster's use.

When the *karnam* came round to the schoolmaster's room one night with the information about the house, Mr. Sharma's jaw dropped. "For God's sake," he begged. "Tell him thanks, and tell him to leave me alone." Which was iconoclasm all over again, and the *karnam* was opening his mouth to administer a sharp rebuke when the idiot made a small crooning noise at the door. The *karnam* remembered the holy man's blessing, and held his peace.

So the schoolmaster moved to the little house and walked to school every morning as the sun climbed over the top of the banyan tree, and walked back again after classes as the temple bell rang for evening worship. We were beginning to take him for granted as part of the village landscape.

Then, as abruptly as he had taken up the schoolmaster, the idiot transferred his affections elsewhere—back to the plantain-leaf whistle and a field on the other side of the village, where he sat throwing stones at birds and making his earsplitting noises. And the Patel brothers moved north, where they had found jobs. Without ever being quite aware that he had them, the schoolmaster lost his three most ardent supporters. Shortly after this, the zamindar and his son went abroad for the summer, and the house by the river was closed and empty. So when the rumor about the schoolmaster began, there was nobody to refute it with enough conviction or authority—except, perhaps, Old Mother. "Talks to himself when he goes home from school?" she repeated incredulously. "I don't believe a word of it. He's probably reciting the classical texts."

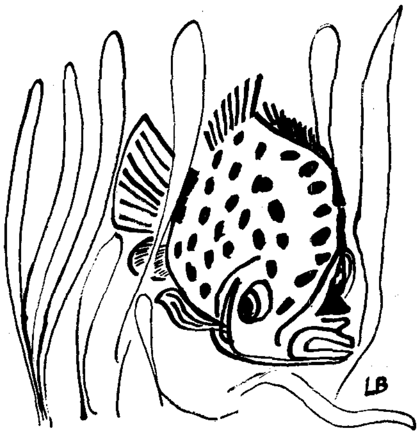
"No," the *karnam* said grimly. "That he doesn't, let me assure you. No one who recites the classical texts would behave as he did with the zamindar—"

"Sometimes you're more half-witted than my idiot," Old Mother declared roundly. "Why rake up that old rubbish now, you foolish man? And why on earth shouldn't he talk to himself if he wants to? I talk to myself, too," she added proudly.

"Not the way this man talks," the *karnam* said. "Carrying on long conversations . . ." He drooped his underlip, and then he tapped his temple with his index finger and shrugged.

"No," Old Mother insisted. "There must be a reason."

Minu could have told them that reason. She had stopped Mr. Sharma one day and asked, "Teacher, why do you talk to yourself?" And the schoolmaster had replied, "For the simple reason, Minu, that there is no one else in your village to whom I *can* talk. I find myself a perfect listener."



But the village thought otherwise. And the rumor grew and grew. And Mr. Patel, looking important, found the ideal opportunity to say, "I told you so."

"What I can't understand," Old Mother protested, "is why nobody noticed it before this."

"Ah," said Mr. Patel, "that's because he didn't have a home to walk back to, talking to himself. Nobody saw him talking when he was living in the schoolhouse. Now we can see him and we *know*. Though I said all along that too much theory detracts from the practice. . . . In any case, what can you practice when you have lost your reason? It is dangerous leaving little children in a madman's charge."

"Yes," said the *karnam*, and "Yes," said the village, it was dangerous leaving the children in his charge. And everybody except the children thought it wisest to sack Mr. Sharma and hire another teacher with the newly augmented school funds.

The *karnam* went to relay our decision to the schoolmaster, and, as we had on his first day with us, again we waited at home, wondering what the outcome would be. Whatever reaction we expected, it was certainly not this: Mr. Sharma grinned. "Yes," he said. "I expected *that*, and I'm *glad*."

"What do you mean?" the *karnam* demanded, indignant. "Aren't you sorry to leave?"

"To leave the children, yes," said Mr. Sharma, tempering truth with his charming one-sided smile. "Otherwise, I don't think so. I'm afraid all this worship was making me rather uncomfortable."

"Worship?"

"Yes, worship. You worship the

MY REFLECTION IN THE STUDY WINDOW

Sweeter than peace to my troubled world
My troubling loves. What limits to the eye-nerve's
Probing edge? What proof I cannot reach
Snow's cold, stone's hardness, air's indifference
For what each proves? Those Christmas lights
A field away across the winter night
Illuminate my window-forehead in three colors. I
Would find love simple. Is it the snow,
Is it the whistling air, is it the light bulbs
Where a brain should be that put from me
My own voice drifting, my night-deep eyes,
My simple thought: *I love, I love, I love?*

—M. L. Rosenthal

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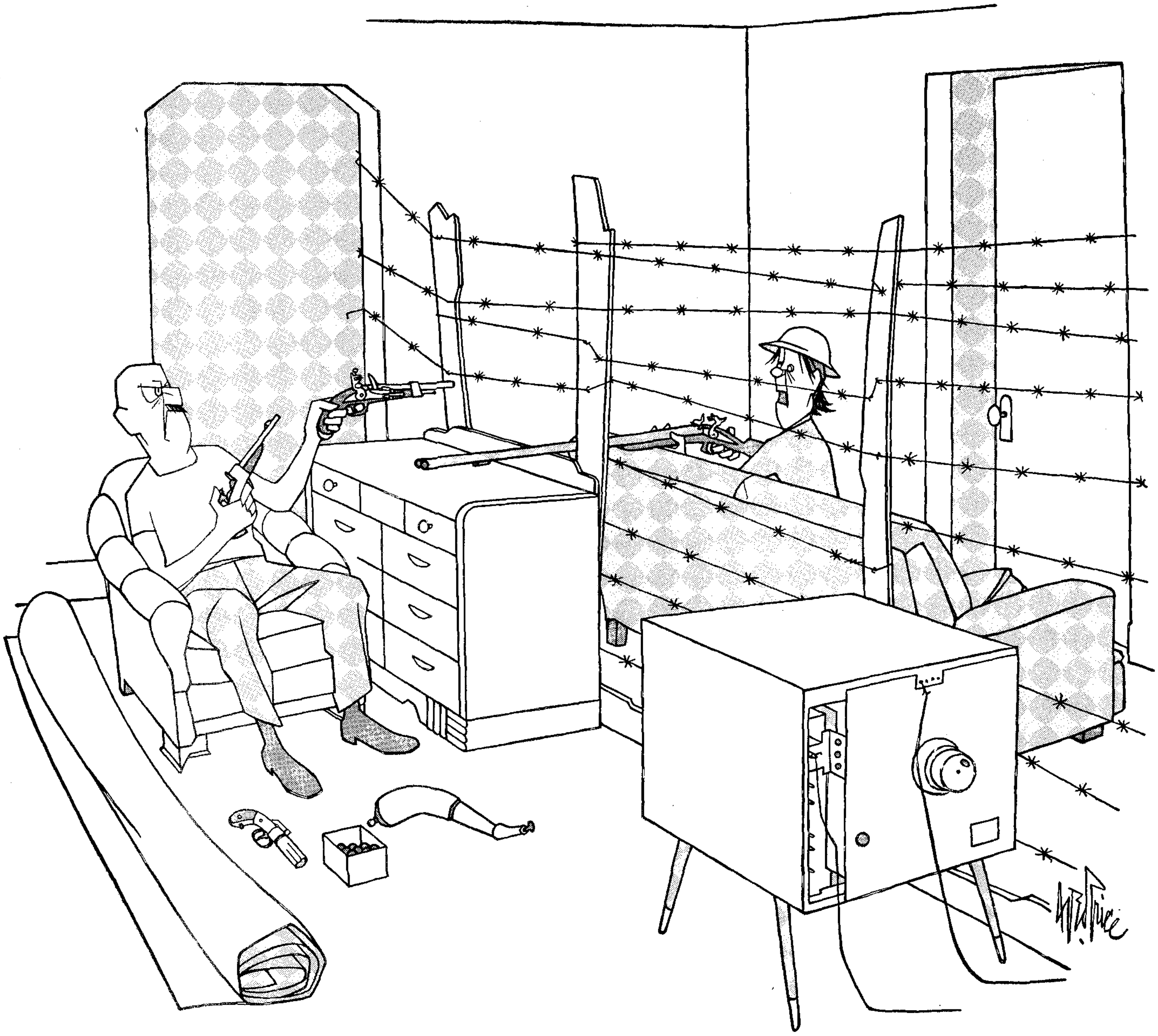


"George, what's happened to us?"

• •

zamindar, and the zamindar worships me. I'll be glad to get away before he comes back and turns me into a guru."

For a moment, the *karnam* was too outraged to speak. At last, he managed to sputter, "Will you please leave this village—"

"—as soon as possible," Mr. Sharma concluded obligingly. "Of course I will." And he packed his bags.

NEXT morning, we gathered in rather a shamefaced group beneath the banyan tree to see the schoolmaster off. Old Mother had cooked crisp sweet rice balls for him and packed them in a little brass container, which she piled in with the rest of his luggage. The children crowded around him, some of them crying, all of them bearing farewell gifts, and he turned and smiled at them before he climbed in. They ran in a little straggling group to keep pace with the jutka, following it as far as they could and then dropping out one by one as the clip-clop of the horse's hoofs died away in the distance and all that was left of Mr. Sharma was the dust raised by the jutka wheels.

Minu refused to eat for about a week afterward, and moped for another month. But it took our village much longer to realize what we had done. The summer had to pass; a succession of schoolmasters had to come, be found wanting, and go; the zamindar had to return and bewail the loss of an incipient guru before we came to our senses. Of course, we tried to get him back, and, of course, there was no trace to be found of the man. So we did just what he would never have wanted: we worshipped him in retrospect.

Now our village is especially proud of four things—the temple, the local idiot, the Middle School, and the schoolmaster who lived with us for a few memorable months and then left because we were too ignorant to make him a guru and he was too wise to become one. —PADMA PERERA

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From the Milwaukee Journal*]

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Atty. Gen. Robert F. Kennedy as well as President Kennedy donates his government salary to charity, sources close to him said Thursday.

Robert Kennedy is paid $25,000 a year and the president, $100,000.

The president and other members of his family are wealthy.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT

THE phone rang at five minutes after ten, just as his eye was sadly going back to the clock on his desk—to “touch the wound,” in his secret expression. He had done that for weeks, here in the apartment of a friend who was always away, and the wound was the silence between five after ten and ten-thirty, at times eleven-thirty, or even twelve. But this morning it rang. “Some God-damn fool,” he thought, letting it ring, with his hand cramped on the receiver before lifting it. He wanted to prepare himself against the disappointment that would certainly follow when a voice other than hers rang in his ear at such a holy hour. But instead of feeling stronger he felt weaker and weaker, and he finally answered it in the determined hope that it be she or else . . . “Or else what?” he said aloud, instead of saying “Yes?” These three words obviously overlapped her voice, or the voice of whoever it was, because he heard no answer. “Yes?” he said. “Yes? . . . Hello? . . . Who is that?” Suddenly a click, and then nothing.

“Hmm. This might well be the husband,” he told himself. He decided to investigate—to call her husband up at his office downtown and then hang up when he answered. This was extremely dangerous, because the husband had a talent for sensing these calls and made scenes at home that lasted for days: “What the hell does he mean, that intellectual friend of yours who calls me at the office and hangs up on me? Does he want to make sure that he can safely call the house?” And she had made scenes when she met her lover, who began by denying having made such a “blind” call but in the end, pressed by her mad insistence, confessed, and it had taken hours before peace was made again—all the hours they had to be together. But he had to find out. The risk of calling her at home, especially at this hour, when the husband might still be there, was too grave. So, defying the warnings of experience and betraying a promise, he once more called the office downtown, and this time the secretary did not give him the information he wanted. Perhaps she had instructions. She repeated the husband’s name: “Mr. Initial Initial So-and-So? Is it Mr. I. I. So-and-So you want?”

“Yes,” he said, changing his voice so clumsily that she said, “I cannot hear you. Speak louder, please.”

“Yes,” he said.

“Who is calling?”

“Mr. Douglas,” he said, hating himself, because he had given that name once before.

The secretary said, “Just one moment, please,” and he hung up, feeling very protected for a while—so much so that he did not even think of calling her at home, even though he had made sure there was no danger now. In fact, he wished he could leave town and not come back until after the storm had subsided and been dwarfed by her anguish over his failing to call up or let her know where she could reach him.

Ah, those dreamed-of absences that were, he knew, more beneficial to the cause of his love than any amount of charm—how he wished he could find the strength to give his ailing love that wonder drug. . . . But he could not, he knew, because the thought of how she would miss him was too strong to dismiss; he stayed on out of kindness to her. And when he realized that she was not even aware of it, he felt doubly hurt.

Now the telephone rang again, and it was she. “What happened? Were you using the phone just now?”

“Yes,” he said.

“But you were out before?”

“No, I was not.”

“I called. There was no answer.”

“Oh,” he said.

“Are you alone?”

“Yes.”

“Very strange. You sound as if you were not alone.”

“No, no, I am.”

“Then you must have heard the telephone ringing for at least twenty times.”

“No, I did not,” he said, and to have caught her lying to him (because he only let it ring five times) gave him a strange feeling of pleasure, as if from that innocent lie he could detect a world of things that were beyond his reach to know but too much on his mind to ignore. In the meantime, he was pleased that she had called him again at the old hour, and the magic effect of her presence slowly melted his fears, his fatigue, and his decision to break off the affair. Too bad the storm so stupidly provoked by him was still to come. If it only could come now and be forgotten quickly. . . . Should he not volunteer his confession and ask her humbly to forgive him, like a child who has done wrong and wants to atone, in order to be kissed again a little sooner? “I am so pleased you called at the old hour again. I have been so depressed by your delays the last two or three weeks. . . .”

She sighed. “Yes, I know,” she said. “But you always forget that I have worries, too. And you have often kept me here waiting for hours without calling.”

“I am so sorry. I cannot tell you how much I regret it.”

“Never mind, that is past history by now. Are you alone?”

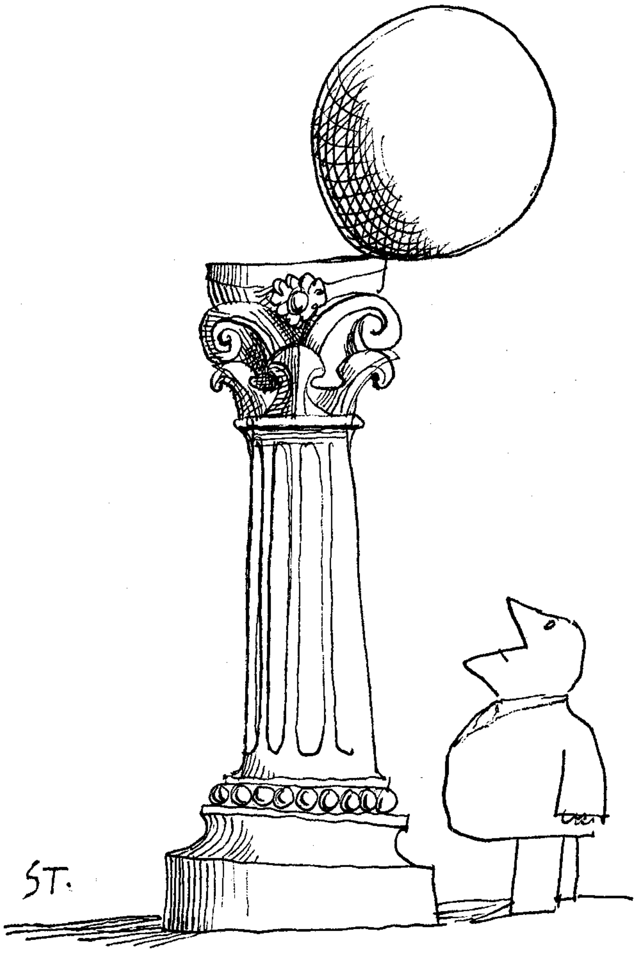
“But of course I am, darling. Why ask again?”

“I did not want to disturb you. Could I see you now?”

“Now? But of course. Come at once.”

“You’re sure this is not going to upset your plans?”

“My plans? I have no plans during the hours when you are free, other than to wait for you to come. My plans are just fill-ins, not to suffer too much from the void of your absence. You know it. I don’t have to repeat this to you.”

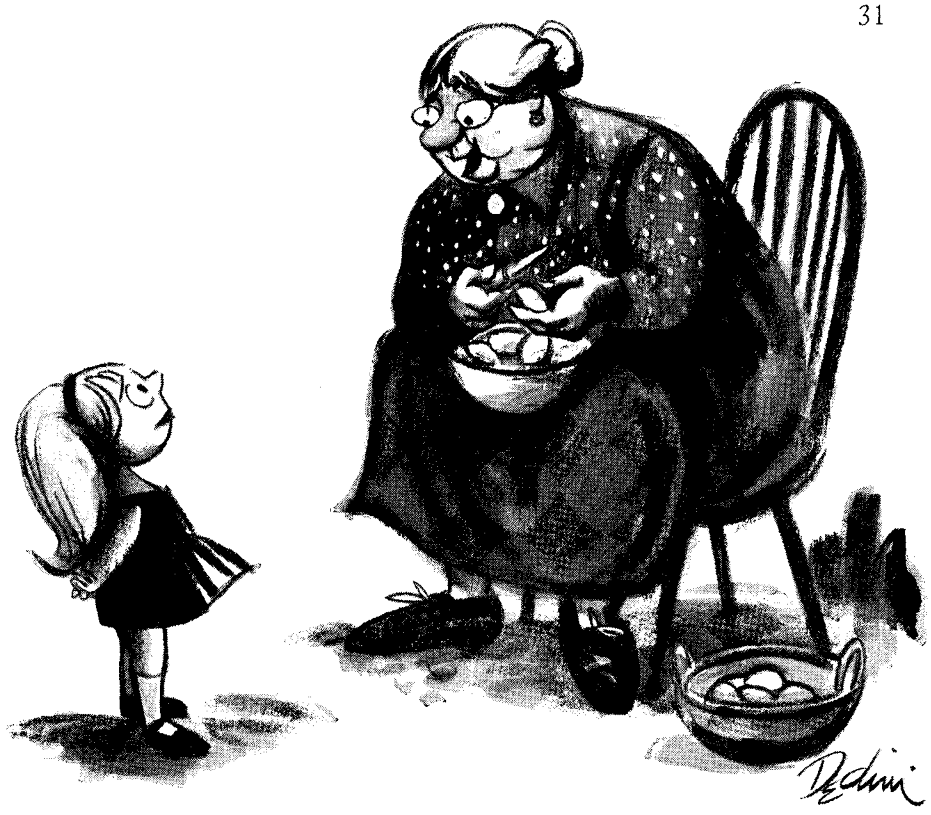


"So you don't mind if I come now?"

"But darling, why do you have to be so formal all of a sudden? Of course not."

"Very well, I'll jump into a cab and come. I can only stay a minute."

"All right. Goodbye."



"Honey, Marlene Dietrich is just one of those lucky grandmothers, I guess."

• •

He was not pleased at all. When in the past she had been overtaken by these sudden desires for affection, she had been as restrained over the telephone as she was now, and yet there had been weakness in her voice, a clearly recognizable struggle between her better instincts and her passion. Things had changed recently. The last two or three times she had asked him to let her come so early in the day, she seemed almost cynical, as if she were resigned to giving way to this impulse in view of greater struggles with herself, about which she kept him in the dark. The last two times, in fact, he had felt very much impelled to ask her, "Are you not using me as *medicine* to overcome some secret pain of yours?" But he had not. The question was too vulgar, and it might have implanted in her the notion that perhaps he was right. He did not want to inform her of such tendencies in her nature. He knew women too well to risk making them aware, by a suggestion, of what might still remain hidden and be absorbed again without becoming virulent. Women don't think, they take orders for feelings to produce, and whatever you tell them becomes true.

These questions being so confused and so painful, he decided to accept whatever she could give him on a momentary basis, even if this was very much against his interests. Because he, too, was tired of this partial relationship: he wanted everything. He had finally reached the state in which she had been for so long. But it was difficult for him to treat her now as he had treated her in the beginning. His resistance was lessened; he had lost all the bearings of an independent life; he had destroyed his proud ivory tower in order to please her, and found himself without a place to go back to. He was almost sorry she was coming so quickly and for such a brief visit, without there being time for him to hear her troubles. Things had been so difficult for her for so long, and only now did he really understand it, and he pitied her greatly, but too late. This made him want her all the more, but in a different way. He was no longer almost sorry, he was definitely sorry, he had let her come. And her reluctance, which had seemed so absurd to him only a half hour before, appeared now as prophetic. What an extraordinary woman she is was his conclusion.

But with all this, when she rang the bell downstairs he was not ready with a mood as light as the brevity of the visit required. By that same mental inversion which makes us misspell words when we are hurried, so that the second syllable comes first, the sadness of leave-taking was more present in him than the joy of reunion. In other words, he was in love.

How could he ever have imagined that he could keep her nourished on such a low diet of love? Two or three hours every two or three days, in a frivolous mood, even when it was passionate—there was no future to it, no construction; in other words, no secret. Yes, it had all been very secret, but only for the public. As for him, it had not, because beneath the first layer of passion the secret had been: *No. This must never impinge on my family ties. This is a mere parenthesis, an oasis of joy in a desert of sadness and boredom.* This being the understanding, it was as clear as day. The secret of all secrets that is love and that grows like the seed of a man in the body of a woman was not present. She had accepted it, in spite of her longing for something deeper and more durable, because she also needed an oasis. If nothing happens to her marriage, he thought, I may still repair the damage and make her forget the humiliation and the suffering, of which I had not the faintest idea until now.

This seemed a little better than a resumption of his old light touch. And here she arrived. He was glad he had a line of conduct now; more than just a line of conduct, it was a new style. He kissed her with that deeper emotion that makes for coldness on the surface because it contains elements of worship. The equivalent of large logs in the fireplace, such feelings catch fire much more slowly. Lighter feelings, like sensuousness, ignite like straw. But she seemed not to notice it, and from one who had always been so sensitive, this was alarming.

He could not control himself, and withdrew from her to observe her face with an air of reproach. She seemed surprised at first, then irritated, and for a moment there was hesitance. Her self-control was functioning. But it soon came to an end. "What is this?" she asked. "What have I done to deserve such a look?"

"Nothing," he said.

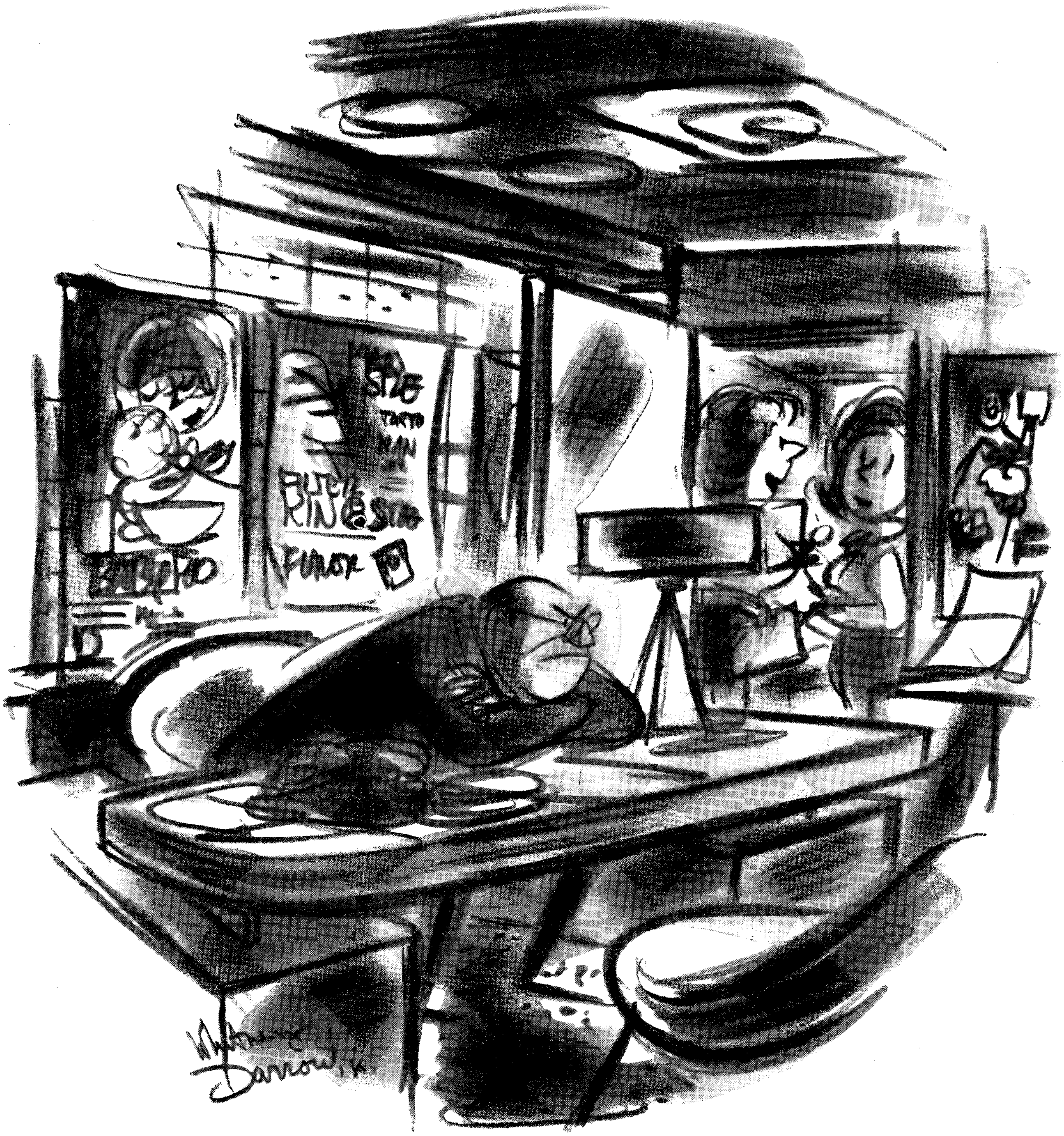
"Surely you don't expect me to believe you?" she said, smiling, and not lovingly but just politely.

"If you want to know the truth, I thought you would notice—"

"Notice what?"

"My God, how impatient we are. I cannot speak on order."

"I am not going to stay long, you



"He just learned that the Hershey Corporation grossed one hundred and eighty million dollars last year without spending one red cent on advertising."

• •

know. If you are busy, why did you let me come?"

"Oh, nonsense." And he tried to kiss her again, but she withdrew, and her eyes became shining. Her frown showed that she would not let herself go. There would not be a crisis of tears.

"I am sorry," he said. "I thought you would notice that I love you. I found you rather cold."

She made big eyes. "Aaaah," she said, becoming almost a comedian. "We are being oversensitive, are we? You think only of yourself. You did not ask me *why* I was being restrained. What happens to me is unimportant if it does not serve your pleasures."

"How can you say such a thing?"

"I am asking myself: How can I say it? Well, it seems that I can, and this is fortunate. Because I will have to learn. I will need all my strength from now on." There was a pause; then she sat down and threw her gloves away from her, as if to mark that the rest of the couch was occupied by them and he could not sit next to her. He noticed it, looked at those gloves, and so did she. But they were both too proud to remove them. Finally, she decided to give in. She reached out for the gloves and said, "Sorry. I did not mean it unkindly." He felt invited, therefore thrown way back beyond all boundaries of familiarity.

"I am leaving my husband," she said, simply, clearly, and proudly; then looked at him like a child who has been able to announce some unbelievable achievement, and expects unbelief and still more unbelief and only after a long while an explosion of joy, followed by awe, almost by silent worship.

He looked at her unbelievingly enough, but waited a long time before asking the first of many questions to which their intimacy entitled him. He was dumfounded by the effect of her words on the place and on himself. The place had become useless, cold, almost immoral. It had lost all the reasons of secrecy; the oasis was finished, and the desert was no longer a desert on her side. Any fountain might spring from the dry sand, any young forest grow; even mountains might rise overnight and reach the heights of snow, making their oasis ridiculous by comparison. Not on his side, however. There the oasis stood, and the desert beyond it needed the flowers and the waters and the fresh breezes and the song of the birds that had come from it for eight years. "I am leaving my husband" therefore meant "I am leaving you," or, even worse, "I am coming to you. You may now do what I have done."

"Well?" she asked. "Don't you have anything to say?"

He looked at her as if the couch on which they had first kissed and clung to each other were now growing in length and separating them, his part remaining like a cast for a man whose every bone is broken, hers leaving on rails like an armchair on a Pullman car. He blinked; he almost waved goodbye to her; and all he found to say was, "You are leaving your husband."

"Yes, that is what I thought I had come to tell you—or do you want to have the privilege of telling me? I am leaving my husband." She sighed, because it felt so good to be able to say those trite words, and mean them, and to say them openly, no longer to him only—in fact, no longer in that room. She, too, felt that the apartment had no reason to exist any more, unless it were to be their future home. "I, am, leaving, my, husband." She was dictating to herself. Each word needed a comma, if not a semicolon, for it was a whole sentence by itself, and putting them together made up a whole poem, a hymn of joy, a ballad, an epic.

"You are leaving your husband." In his voice, instead, the words were tighter; they were melting together into a sombre death sentence. He sighed, too, but from under the weight of an impossible decision, and it was not, to his sudden surprise, the decision of speaking to his wife; it was something much worse, and the person to whom he was to speak would understand this even less than his wife, and suffer infinitely more from being abandoned by him after having been told the bitter truth: himself.

—Niccolò Tucci

THE WAY TO THE RIVER

(For Dido)

The way to the river leads past the names of
Ash the sleeves the wreaths of hinges
Through the song of the bandage vendor

I lay your name by my voice
As I go

The way to the river leads past the late
Doors and the games of the children born looking backwards
They play that they are broken glass
The numbers wait in the halls and the clouds
Call
From windows
They play that they are old they are putting the horizon
Into baskets they are escaping they are
Hiding

I step over the sleepers the fires the calendars
My voice turns to you

I go past the juggler's condemned building the hollow
Windows gallery
Of invisible presidents the same motion in them all
In a parked cab by the sealed wall the hats are playing
Sort of poker with somebody's
Old snapshots game I don't understand they lose
The rivers one
After the other I begin to know where I am

I am home

Be here the flies from the house of the mapmaker
Walk on our letters I can tell
And the days hang medals between us
I have lit our room with a glove of yours be
Here I turn
To your name and the hour remembers
Its one word
Now

Be here what can we
Do for the dead the footsteps full of money
I offer you what I have my
Poverty

To the city of wires I have brought home a handful
Of water I walk slowly
In front of me they are building the empty
Ages I see them reflected not for long
Be here I am no longer ashamed of time it is too brief its hands
Have no names
I have passed it I know

Oh Necessity you with the face you with
All the faces

This is written on the back of everything

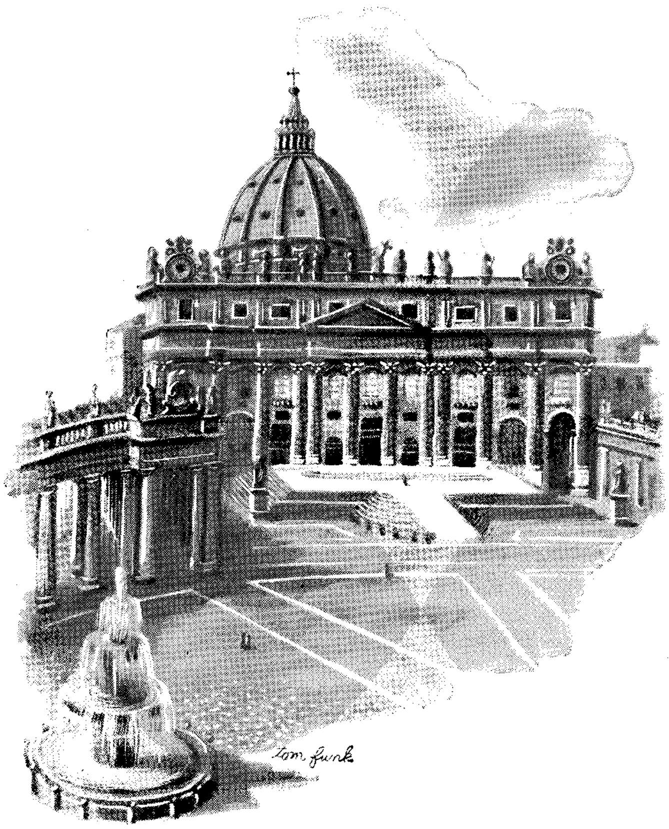
But we
Will read it together

—W. S. Merwin

LETTER FROM VATICAN CITY

DECEMBER 9

EIGHT weeks ago, as Pope John entered St. Peter's to inaugurate the Twenty-first Ecumenical Council, close bystanders saw tears on his face. Yesterday, as the Council's first session ended, it was the spectators who wept. Many of the bishops, to whom news of the Pope's illness had come as a shock and a source of considerable anxiety on November 27th, were moved to tears of relief and admiration at the sight of this portly figure, somewhat pale and drawn after ten days' confinement, as he carefully moved up the steps of his throne to deliver the address that would adjourn the session. The character of John XXIII is so genuinely unpretentious that one hesitates to call him the hero of the Council to date, yet the ovation that greeted him yesterday left no doubt that the majority of the Conciliar fathers consider him so. It is no small achievement to have launched the Catholic Church into a new era. The reform and renewal of the most ancient continuous institution of Western civilization are not simple matters to initiate. No one believes that the *aggiornamento*, or modernization, that Pope John worked for so strenuously from the first months of his pontificate has been accomplished in this first session—a mere eight weeks could hardly do that—and the repercussions of much that has happened will not be felt for some time. But the process has been started. In the Pope's words, this first session was "a good beginning." An American bishop has predicted that when the sessions are resumed next September, the Council will have shifted "from low gear into high." While this remains to be seen, one thing is already certain: the Pope, on the very first day of the assembly, handed the bishops a Magna Carta whose full revolutionary import is only gradually being realized by the Council and by the world at large.



To anyone who had the good fortune to be standing in front of the bronze doors leading into the papal palace, on the side of St. Peter's Square, at eight-thirty on the morning of Thursday, October 11th, there was suddenly revealed a dazzling spectacle. At that moment, two papal gendarmes, resplendent in parade uniform of white trousers and black topboots, coats, and busbies, slowly swung the great doors open, exposing to a portion of the crowd row upon row of bishops, clad in flowing white damask copes and mitres, descending Bernini's majestic *scala regia* from the state apartments. As brilliant television floodlights were switched on along the stairway, the intense light brought to mind Henry Vaughan's lines "I saw Eternity the other night,/Like a great ring of pure and endless light." In rows of sixes, an apparently inexhaustible phalanx of prelates filed out of the Vatican palace, swung to their right across St. Peter's Square, then wheeled right again, to mount the ramplike steps leading into the Basilica. Every now and then, this white mass was dotted with the black cassock, full beard, and round headdress of an Oriental bishop, and here and there with the bulbous gold crown and crossed pectoral reliquaries of a bishop of the Byzantine rite. Toward the end came the scarlet ranks of the Sacred College of Cardinals. Finally, the Pope appeared, carried, in deference to the wishes of his entourage, on the *sedia gestatoria*, and looking rather timid, perhaps even frightened—as he always does when first mounting this Oriental contraption—but gradually warming to the mild acclamation of the overawed crowd, and gently smiling and quietly weeping as he was carried undulantly forward, blessing the onlookers. At the entrance to the Council hall in the Basilica, the procession halted while the Pope dismounted and walked the length of the nave to the Confession of St. Peter.

Before the high altar, observant spectators noted, the Pope had ordered the substitution of a simpler, more informal style of throne for the unwieldy, pretentious "doctoral" throne, with a red damask backdrop and canopy, that the organizers of the Council had devised. The significance of this was soon made clear by the Pope's opening speech, which stressed the Council's pastoral, or ministering, role over the dogmatic, or condemnatory, approach. After the traditional hymn "Veni Sancte Spiritus," a solemn Mass of the Holy Spirit was celebrated, in which the Epistle and the Gospel were chanted in both Greek and Latin, to signify the unity of both parts of the Church, East and West. The celebrant was the elderly but vigorous Eugène Cardinal Tisserant, bearded dean of the College of Cardinals and a member of the French Academy. A touch of Byzantine court ceremonial followed the Mass, as the cardinals mounted the steps of the papal throne one by one, with their scarlet mantles trailing behind them, to make their obeisance to the See of Peter. After the bishops' solemn profession of faith in unison, recitation of the litany of the Saints, and more prayers from the Greek rite, Pope John began to deliver his sermon.

In clear and resonant tones that could be distinctly heard throughout the Basilica, the Pope, after a few introductory remarks, said that he was tired of listening to the prophets of doom among his advisers. "Though burning with zeal," he said, these men "are not endowed with very much sense of discretion or measure." They maintain that "our era, in comparison with past eras, is getting worse, and they behave as though they had learned nothing from history, which is nevertheless the great teacher of life." They were, he said, under the illusion that "at the time of the former Councils, everything was a triumph for the Christian idea and way of life and for proper religious liberty," and he added, "We feel that we must disagree with these prophets of doom, who are always forecasting disaster, as though the end of the world were at hand," and continually warning him, "in the course of our pastoral office," that the modern world is "full of prevarication and ruin."

As the listeners heard these words, their attention focussed irresistibly on the face of Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani, who is head of the Congregation of the Holy Office, the branch of the Curia (roughly, the papal Cabinet) that deals with faith, morals, and heresy, and who was seated at the Pope's immediate right; on the face of the recently consecrated seventy-three-year-old Archbishop Enrico Dante, the Papal Master of Ceremonies, at the Pope's left and half a step to the rear; on Giuseppe Cardinal Siri, of Genoa, and on Ernesto Cardinal Ruffini, of Palermo, sitting in the tier reserved for the Sacred College along the main aisle of the Basilica; on Pericle Felici, Secretary General of the Council; on Pietro Parente, Assessor of the Holy Office; on Dino Staffa, of the Congregation of Seminaries and Universities; on Pietro Palazzini, of the Congregation of the Council; and on the other Roman monsignors who stand on the various rungs of the ladder that constitutes the *cursus honorum* of the Curia. These were the faces of some of the prophets of doom of whom the Holy Father was speaking, since they are the advisers he sees regularly on purely pastoral matters. (It is well known that these doomlike sentiments are not shared by the Secretary of State, Amleto Cardinal Cicognani; by the Prefect of the Congregation for Propagating the Faith, Gregory Cardinal Agagianian; by the Secretary of the Congregation for the Oriental Church, Gustavo Cardinal Testa; or by the Secretary of the Consistorial Congregation, Carlo Cardinal Confalonieri.) The Pope then proceeded to outline, serenely and optimistically, what he expected of the Council and why he had summoned it. "Divine Providence," he said, "is leading us to a new order of human relations." It was imperative for the Church "to bring herself up to date where required," in order to spread her message "to all men throughout the world." While the Church must "never depart from the sacred patrimony of truth received from the Fathers," she must "ever look to the present, to new conditions and new forms of life introduced into the modern world, which have opened new avenues to the Catholic apostolate."

Then came the phrases, so pregnant with meaning, that either alarmed or gratified his listeners, depending on their theological outlook. The Pope said that he had not called the Council to discuss "one article or another of the fundamental doctrine of the Church . . . which is presumed to be well known and familiar to all; for this, a Council was not necessary." Thus were ruled out the hopes of those who had expected the Council to proclaim some new dogma, isolated from the rest of Christian doctrine, in the manner of the previous Ecumenical Council here, in 1869-70, which concentrated on the dogma of papal infallibility. No, said the Pope; "the world expects a step forward toward doctrinal penetration and a formation of consciences." This must be "in conformity with authentic doctrine," of course, but it "should be studied and expounded through the methods of research and through the literary forms of modern thought." In other words, doctrine was to be made more intelligible to contemporaries in the light of scholarship in Biblical, theological, philosophical, and historical disciplines.

He next touched on a subject that is almost taboo in traditionalist Catholic theological circles, saying, "The substance of the ancient doctrine of the *depositum fidei* is one thing; the way in which it is expressed is another." That is, Catholic doctrine remains the same in substance, but the formulations of it vary and are not to be regarded as unalterable

DAVID LANGDON

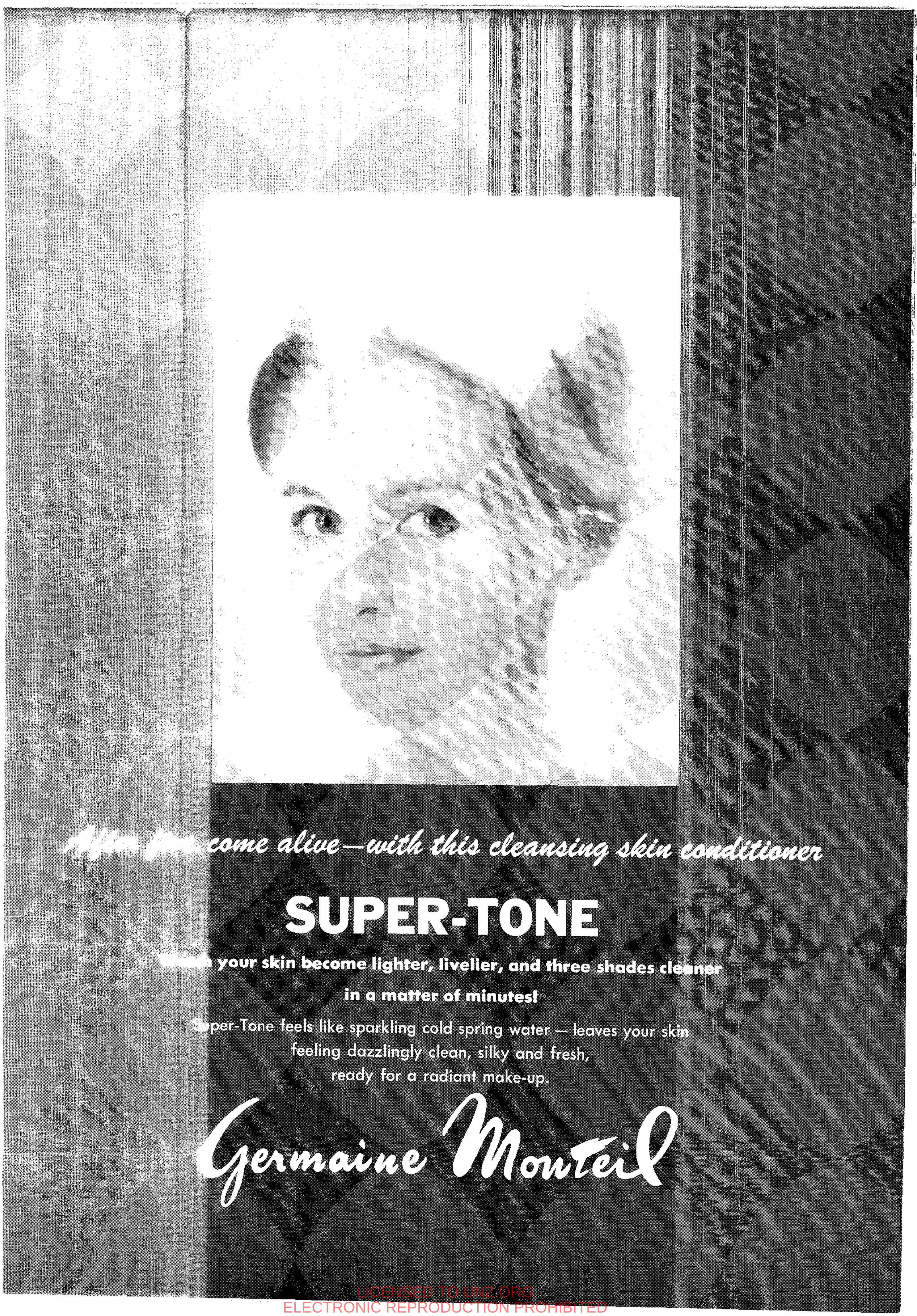
"Never tell them anything you don't want the whole jungle to know."

ends in themselves. The task of the Council, he told the assembled prelates, was to find the best formulas for our time, without being too hidebound or showing a too slavish respect for those of a previous age. He further emphasized the pastoral, rather than the doctrinal, note by declaring, "Nowadays, [the Church] prefers to make use of the medicine of mercy rather than that of severity. She considers that she meets the needs of the present day by demonstrating the validity of her teaching rather than by condemnation." This was an unmistakable disavowal of the inquisitorial and condemnatory approach of the Holy Office. Finally, the Pope turned his attention to the problem of Christian unity. "The entire Christian family has not yet fully attained the visible unity in truth" desired by Christ, he said, and the Catholic Church "therefore considers it her duty to work actively so that there may be fulfilled the great mystery of that unity." He said that the key to "the brotherly unity of all"—embracing not only Christians but "those who follow non-Christian religions"—is "the fullness of charity," or love. Thus Pope John put his seal on the methods and goals of Catholic participation in the ecumenical, or worldwide, movement for reunion.

This inaugural address to the Council, carefully worded and balanced, and delivering a bold message of renewal and reform, marked the end of the closed mentality that has characterized not a few Catholic bishops and theologians since the sixteenth century. Whether this message reached all the prelates to whom it was addressed, or will be heeded by all it did reach, is another matter; one does not cease being a prophet of doom overnight. But the Council as a whole received the Pope's message gladly. Whatever changes come must be made by the bishops themselves. In calling the Council and in addressing it as he did in his opening speech, the Pope made the great and essential contributions, which no one else could possibly have made. After his address, John XXIII did not enter the Council hall again until the next-to-last day of the session. He watched and heard the daily proceedings on closed-circuit television in his private apartments.

"Too much Christmas."

CLOSE to a thousand reporters were on hand for the opening days of the Council, and the coverage ranged from the worldwide news services to the Italian Communist daily *Unità*. Little by little, however, the number of journalists dwindled, owing to the nature of the Council and to the nature of Monsignor Felici, its Secretary General. The Pope put at the disposal of the press a whole floor of the first building outside the Vatican on the Via della Conciliazione, but reporters were barred from the meetings and had to make do with distilled news contained in a daily bulletin prepared under the Secretary General's direction. Despite vociferous complaints from the press, this bulletin was often written in advance of the news it was reporting—sometimes the evening before—and dealt only in generalities, favoring the Curial line. Though the bulletin eventually became more informative, it consistently disregarded the axiom that names and facts make news. As organized by the Curia, the Council was conducted in the strictest possible secrecy, but Italian commentators maintained that this only guaranteed the widest possible circulation for the Council's more intimate doings, and a pas-



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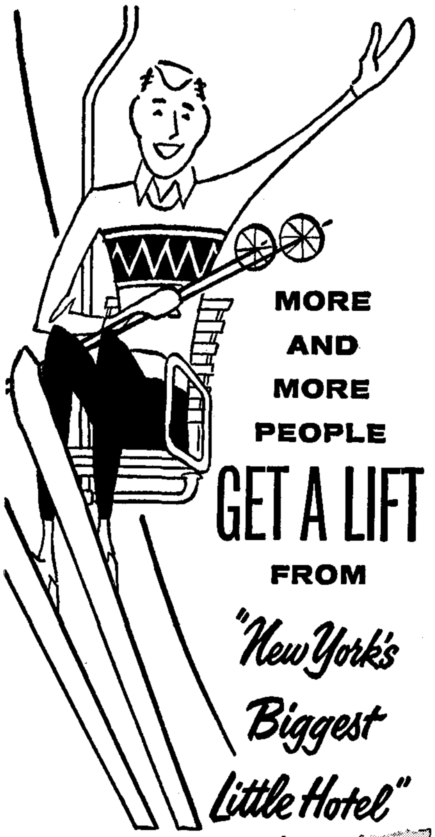

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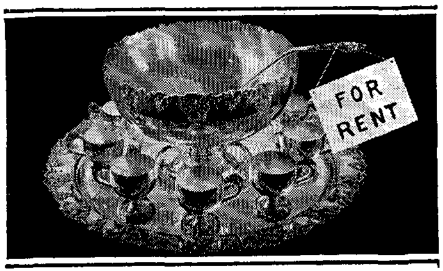

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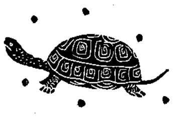
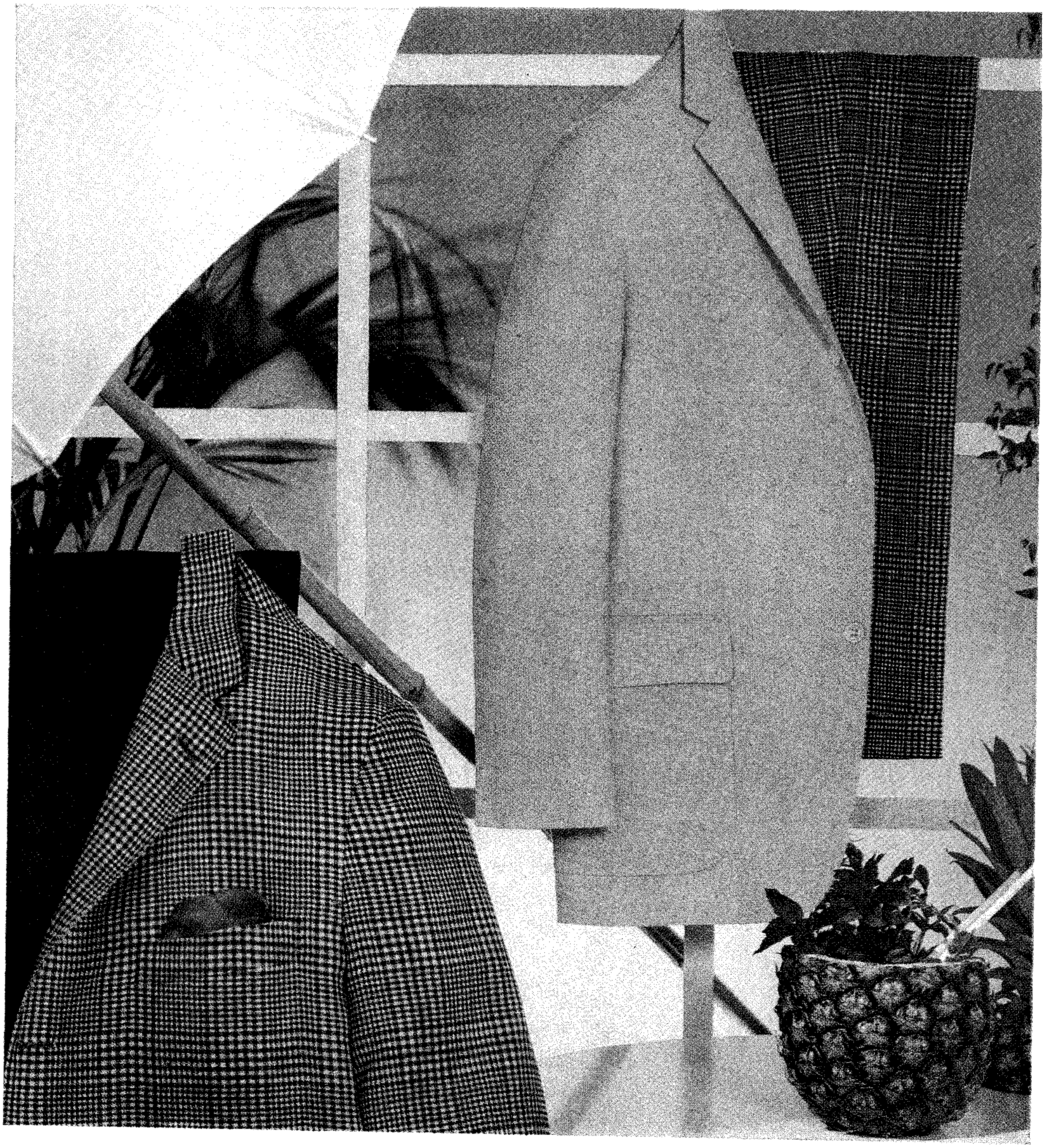
quinade quickly made the rounds: "Why the great Conciliar secrecy? Because secrets spread faster." This challenge to journalistic enterprise was met by Paul Brindel, a free-lance American writer, who turned up in the back row of a choir during the Council Mass on November 11th, as official Vatican photographs revealed the next day. He had been interviewing some young Californians, protégés of Cardinal Agagianian, who were members of the Armenian choir, and he somehow obtained a cassock, joined their ranks, marched past three cordons of Swiss guards and Vatican plainclothes operatives, and entered St. Peter's through the sacristy door. The London *Tablet,* one of the oldest and best Catholic weeklies, complained that the wording of one Council press release was couched in "English so peculiarly outrageous that one hardly knows whether to laugh or cry," and pointed out that in one document the word "condemn" appeared fifteen times in twenty-four pages, despite Pope John's inaugural address. It was not surprising that many applications for press credentials were lost, or that most reporters who obtained a blue leather *permesso* found it to be next to worthless; it did not even help them buy tax-free Vatican City cigarettes.



One of the most colorful figures at the Council, and the source of one of the most interesting news leaks, was the eighty-four-year-old Melchite Patriarch of Antioch, Maximos IV Saigh. He absented himself from the grand procession on the opening day, because the Vatican would not accommodate the Easterners in a matter of protocol that was of considerable importance in his eyes—the precedence of patriarchs over cardinals. On October 23rd, when he rose to talk on the liturgy, he first addressed "Their Beatitudes," the patriarchs, and then "Their Eminences," the cardinals—a subtle maneuver that apparently escaped Cardinal Spellman, who was presiding, but was noticed by some alert fathers. More important, he insisted on departing from the rules and addressing the Council in French, on the ground that Latin was not the language of the Eastern Church. There was no objection. The text of his speech on the liturgy found its way to the Swiss news service KIPA, and was eventually printed almost in full. Considering the scene and the audience, his talk makes fascinating reading. The question under debate being the retention of Latin in the Mass, Maximos expressed amazement that this tongue should be considered especially sacred, or a bond of union in the Church. Neither Christ nor the Apostles nor the Roman converts of the first two centuries used Latin, he pointed out, and today the liturgy was being celebrated in all the Oriental tongues, ancient and modern alike—and who would challenge the celebrants' unity with the Holy See, despite the fact that, officially, they knew no Latin? He even cited St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians (14:16) in support of his argument: "If thou dost pronounce a blessing in this spiritual fashion [that is, in an unknown tongue], how can one who takes his place among the uninstructed say 'Amen' to thy thanksgiving? He cannot tell what thou art saying." Another memorable remark by Patriarch Maximos, widely quoted in the European press, had to do with the Church and the poor: "Something must be done if the Church is to be the Church of all, especially of the poor. For the Church to be poor is a matter of life and death for her. Without poverty, she will lose the world of the workers." This theme of a return to the austerity and simplicity of the early Church was echoed by Cardinals Pierre-Marie Gerlier, of Lyon, and Giacomo Lercaro, of Bologna; Bishops Russell Joseph McVinney, of Providence, Rhode Island, and Jean van Cauwelaert, of the Congo; and Pierre-Marie Pham-ngoc-Chi, Bishop of Quinhon, Vietnam. It was seconded by the South American bishops as a group, and by the native and missionary bishops of Africa.

Quite apart from its use in the liturgy, Latin as a medium of communication at the Council proved to be less than a success. Experience soon showed that many of the fathers did not understand spoken Latin well enough to grasp what was being said. Cardinal Cushing, of Boston, is said to have informed the Pope frankly of his disenchantment with the organization of the Council and his feeling that a more realistic attitude was needed toward the use of Latin as the language of its sessions. (The story went around that at one of the preparatory meetings, when Cardinal Cushing started to speak in English and was admonished by Monsignor Felici, he asked a neighboring prelate to inform the gathering in Latin that he represented "the Church of Silence.") Even in discussions of simple procedural matters, some bishops came alive only when the proposals were translated into Spanish, Italian, French, English, German, or Arabic. Under these circumstances, it was practically impossible for an assembly of nearly three thousand prelates to "deliberate" or to absorb the more in-



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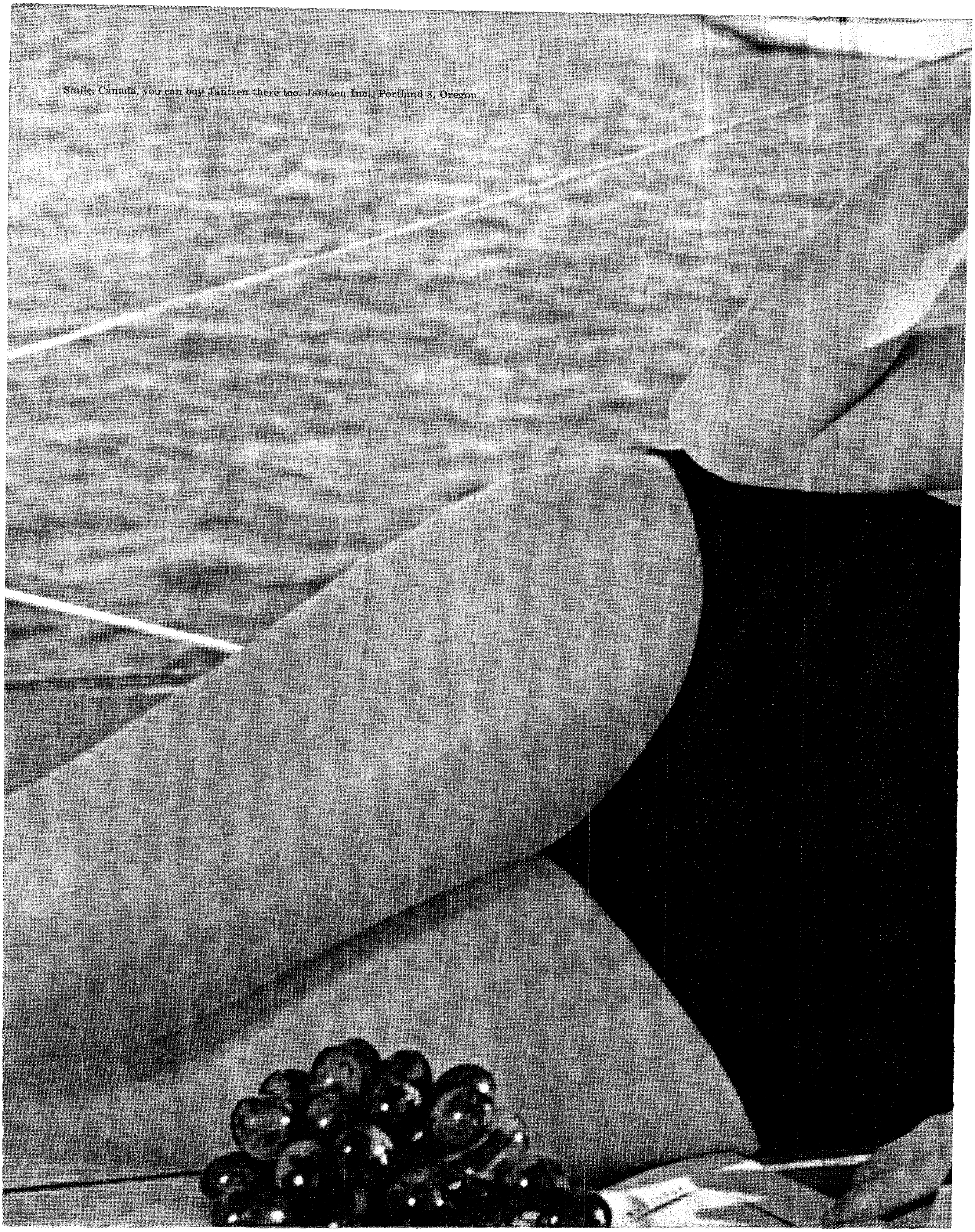
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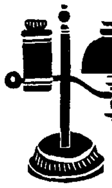
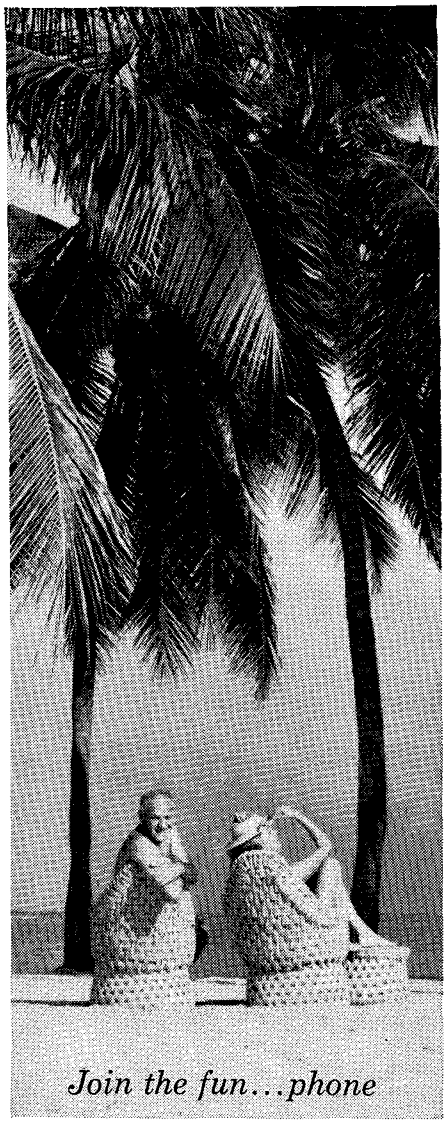
tricate speeches. The old saw that "Latin is the official language of the Church" was simply not borne out at the Council. The Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity, under Augustin Cardinal Bea, of Germany, was farsighted enough to provide a fairly full translation service for the non-Catholic observer-delegates, and many of the bishops probably wished that the same had been done for them. In fact, long before the Council met, a simultaneous-translation system had been proposed. The Pope is said to have suggested that the United Nations translation experts in Geneva be consulted, but Secretary General Felici never got around to it. The matter is again under consideration, and it is reported that plans are being made for the installation of a simultaneous-translation system before next September.

A factor in the attitude of many Italian archconservatives is that, having been born Catholics and brought up entirely among Catholics, they have no real knowledge or understanding of other Christian communions, and consequently dismiss them from consideration. In contrast, the more numerous prelates and theologians from the non-Italian countries see in the Council an opportunity to realign Catholic teaching so that it can be recognized as not too far removed from the best in the Protestant tradition, thus providing the basis for a dialogue that may lead to the reunion of Christendom. The discussion on the liturgy brought out this difference in point of view most clearly. Seventy-three *schemata*, or drafts of decrees eventually to be issued by the Council, had been drawn up by various preparatory commissions charged with preparing the Council's agenda, and five of them were considered at this session—the liturgy, sources of revelation, communications, unity, and the Church. It was the one on the liturgy that first aroused strong feelings. A document of thirty-three pages, this *schema* consisted of a preface and eight chapters on such topics as the principles of liturgical renewal, the eucharistic mystery, the sacraments and sacramentals, the divine office, the liturgical calendar, vestments, and religious music and art. Altogether, it was under discussion for nearly three weeks, eight days of oratory being devoted solely to the now famous Article 3, Paragraph C, Chapter 1, on "the use of Latin." The ascetic-looking Monsignor Enrico Dante, Papal Master of Ceremonies, condemned this draft decree outright, as being both ill-conceived and too radical. He proposed that it be reduced to a few simple principles, and he made it clear that while he felt episcopal conferences might propose changes to the Holy See, Rome alone should decide what was to be done. He also maintained that the Mass and the breviary, or divine office, must continue to be said in Latin. His final objection was that the decree failed to say anything about the veneration of relics. (At this point, surprisingly, a Spanish prelate rose to ask how much longer the Church was to be embarrassed by such "relics" as the Virgin Mary's milk, her veil, St. Joseph's sandals, and the like. Norman Cardinal Gilroy, of Australia, who was presiding, cut him off before he could finish, but not before the speaker had urged that these things "be reverently buried and heard of no more.") On the same day, Archbishop Egidio Vagnozzi, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, condemned the liturgy *schema* as badly organized and full of loose and inadequate language. He suggested that it be passed on to the Theological Commission, presided over by Cardinal Ottaviani, for remodelling along more orthodox lines. Later, speaking outside the Council to a group of nuncios and apostolic delegates, he made an emotional plea to them to "save the Curia" from the machinations of the reformers.



The next day, Cardinal Ottaviani, speaking in impeccable Latin, repeated the same theme, warning the fathers against the use of imprecise theological language. He threw cold water on the idea that the liturgy should be regarded as the principal means of instructing the faithful, and he finally suggested that his Theological Commission was the logical body to revise the *schema*. The debate continued, and then, on the eighth day, something took place that caused Cardinal Ottaviani to decide that he had been insulted, and to absent himself from the Council. On October 30th, after he had listened for several days to various cardinals—among them Valerian Gracias, of India; Albert Gregory Meyer, of Chicago; Joseph Ritter, of St. Louis; Joseph Frings, of Cologne; Rufino Santos, of Manila; and Peter Tatsuo Doi, of Japan—and to such other prelates as Archbishop Paul Hallinan, of Atlanta, and Bishop Guillaume van Bekkum, of Ruteng, speak on behalf of the *schema* and in favor of changes like the shortening of the breviary and the use of more vernacular, the dogged



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"Having traveled around the world . . . I wonder if anyone has before asked you a favor. If not, I shall. Surely it would be possible for airplane designers to design an aircraft seat in which the passenger next to the rear wouldn't seem to be taking out a grudge by kicking me on the bottom!"

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". . . and found my car had frozen. Since it was outside your office I went in and the young man at the counter did everything but start it for me. He made several calls, got me a container for water, tried to get me a mechanic, and generally was of great help . . ."

BOILING

". . . after inquiring into the source of my discomfort (sinus) she went to the galley and came back with a large cup of boiling water on top of which she had placed a double paper napkin by means of a rubber band. When I pressed this against my face it brought blessed relief . . ."

PUTTER

". . . the misfortune to lose a . . . ballpoint pen. . . . One week ago I received a magnificently wrapped package 5′ long . . . from the Found and Lost Department of United Air Lines . . . not my simple little lost ballpoint pen . . . a putter . . . unless some considerate action is taken toward the plight of this poor unknown golfer, I will . . . dump my three shares of United stock on the open market . . ."

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". . . Our Production Department found that they would have to close down a complete

production line if a certain product were not in our hands by 7 a.m. the following morning . . . your Mr. Northern drove . . . to Cleveland at 3 a.m. in the morning in order to pick up the shipment and have it down here by 6 a.m. . . ."

NUTS

". . . I notice that when you give us a snack, you give us two sweet rolls and both of them have nuts all over them. Now I think about 65% of the guys that ride your line, including me, have ulcers (some accumulated from the treatment we get on United), so I was just going to make a little, simple suggestion . . ."

DARN

". . . as far as the luggage is concerned, I'll see if I can clean the darn thing and if I can't you'll probably hear more from me. . . . I love United Air Lines, I love everybody . . . I ain't sore. . . . So please take your time but sooner or later I ought to hear from you . . ."

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". . . one of the most cooperative persons I have encountered in a public service position. This young man helped me get a screwdriver, pliers, nails and helped me alter that crate in order that it would go on the jet airplane which left after lunch for Omaha . . ."

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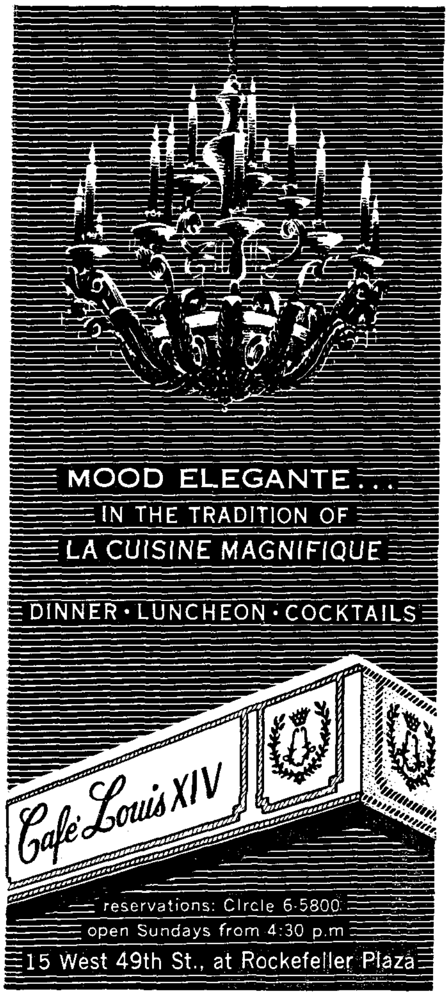
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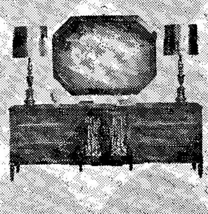
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Secretary of the Holy Office (whose post in ancient times bore the title of Inquisitor General) rose to ask whether the fathers were planning a revolution. It would scandalize the faithful to introduce such changes, he asserted. The liturgy should be regarded as sacred territory. Had not God warned Moses to remove his sandals before approaching the burning bush? (At this, an Austrian prelate was heard to say that if one could modernize the liturgy merely by removing one's shoes, he would gladly be the first to do so.) Unfortunately, Cardinal Ottaviani spoke well past the allotted ten minutes, and when he was reminded of this by Bernardus Cardinal Alfrink, of Utrecht, who was presiding, he refused to give up the microphone. Suddenly he found himself talking into a dead instrument. The Council fathers broke into applause at Alfrink's action, as Ottaviani continued mouthing inaudible words for a few minutes. Then he left the Council, and stayed away until November 14th.

THE only refuge from all the oratory was a little coffee shop set up off a corridor leading from a side entrance to St. Peter's. Because coffee shops are often known in Italy as "bars," one witty prelate with a taste for classical puns quickly nicknamed this one "Bar Jonah," since "Bar-Jonah," Hebrew for "son of John," is a reference to St. Peter in Scripture. The fathers resorted to Bar Jonah in engulfing numbers for the morning coffee break, beginning at ten o'clock. The Pope himself is credited with originating the idea; he is said to have told the cardinal in charge of accommodations that if a place to smoke was not provided, "the bishops will be puffing under their mitres." One result of Bar Jonah was that in its narrow confines bishops rubbed shoulders with non-Catholic observers from all over the world, and consequently exchanged views. At times, certain bishops had to be routed out to vote on various amendments, much as dawdlers in the United States Senate cloakroom are.

The observer-delegates were one of the pleasant surprises of the Council. They represented all the important non-Roman communions except the Greek Orthodox, the World Baptist Alliance, and certain fundamentalist churches. They held the status of honored guests in "the house of their father," to use the Pope's expression, being handed the same secret *schemata* as the fathers, allotted the best seats in the house, and provided with the translation service that was so sorely missed by some of their hosts. They were admitted to all the daily general congregations, and to as many meetings of the commissions as they wished to attend. Nothing like it had ever happened before in the history of the Catholic Church. Though all this made the observers reluctant to say anything that might embarrass their hosts, they were clearly grateful for the courtesy and attention shown them. Their sentiments were summed up, in part, by the famous Protestant theologian Oscar Cullmann, professor at the Sorbonne and the University of Basel, who disclosed in an interview that he was especially impressed by the freedom of the debates and the voicing of diametrically opposed concepts of fundamental religious positions. But he also noted the fathers' absolute agreement on the articles of the Creed, and their unanimous loyalty to the Holy See. He said he could see large areas for agreement between Catholic, Protestant, and Orthodox thought on many dogmatic issues. (Here, however, Dr. Cullmann was speaking mainly with reference to Continental Europe, where there are only two principal Protestant traditions, the Lutheran and the Calvinist.)

The appearance, at the last minute on October 12th, and contrary to everyone's expectations, of delegates from Moscow—the Archpriest Vitali Borovoi and the Archimandrite Vladimir Kotlyarov—in their long black robes and high-crowned hats, created something of a sensation. Their arrival represented the first official connection between the Vatican and the Russian Church in hundreds of years. It was all the more remarkable in view of the fact that until very recently the Russians had been indulging in their usual innuendoes about the "power politics" of the Vatican. According to the Soviet news agency Novosti, the Russian delegates expressed their pleasure at the "unaffected friendship" of the Pope, but not everyone in Rome was pleased by their presence. The Ukrainian bishops of the Byzantine-Slavic rite outside Russia—active participants in the Council—met to formulate a protest against Soviet persecution of the Church behind the Iron Curtain. The Vatican Secretariat of State persuaded the bishops to shelve the protest, but one of their number leaked it to the Italian press, and as a consequence Monsignor John Willebrands, aide to Cardinal Bea, had to clarify the position of the Church by stating that the Russians were most welcome, that there had been no dealings with the Soviet government, and that their presence could not be interpreted as a political maneuver.

ON November 14th, the Council embarked on a discussion of the fateful *schema* on the sources of revelation. This had been drawn up by Cardinal Ottaviani's Theological Commission, and he himself now presented it to the Council. It consisted of five chapters, on the two sources of revelation (Scripture and tradition), on the divine inspiration of the Bible and the problem of literary forms, on the Old Testament, on the New Testament, and on Holy Scripture in the Church. From the very first, the two opposing sides were locked in heated debate. This was one of the most important issues before the Council, and, in a sense, was basic to all other issues. In recent years, Catholic theologians, particularly in Germany and France, have swung away from the view, largely favored since the Council of Trent (1545-63), that the Bible and tradition are separate and virtually independent sources of revelation. The new position is that the two sources constitute a whole, and therefore are not completely independent of each other. As Father Yves Congar, O.P., a spokesman for the new outlook, has put it, "There is not a single dogma which the Church holds by Scripture *alone*, not a single dogma which it holds by tradition *alone*." This new tendency was completely ignored in the draft, and Cardinal Frings and Achille Cardinal Liénart, of Lille, questioned its omission and urged rejection of the draft, on the ground that it was inadequate and thus harmful to the pastoral aims of the Council, Liénart beginning his speech with the blunt words "*Hoc schema mihi non placet.*" The two speakers were immediately attacked by Cardinal Ruffini, a Biblical scholar of the old school, who pleaded that the draft was the work of holy and conscientious men, that it had been presented to the Council with the Pope's approval, and that to reject it out of hand would be to offend the Holy Father. When Cardinal Ottaviani repeated this argument later, he was challenged from the floor, and an appeal was made to the rules of procedure laid down by the Pope, which state that the drafts prepared by the commissions can be "accepted, amended, or rejected" by the Council. There followed a theological free-for-all, with cardinals lining up to speak for or

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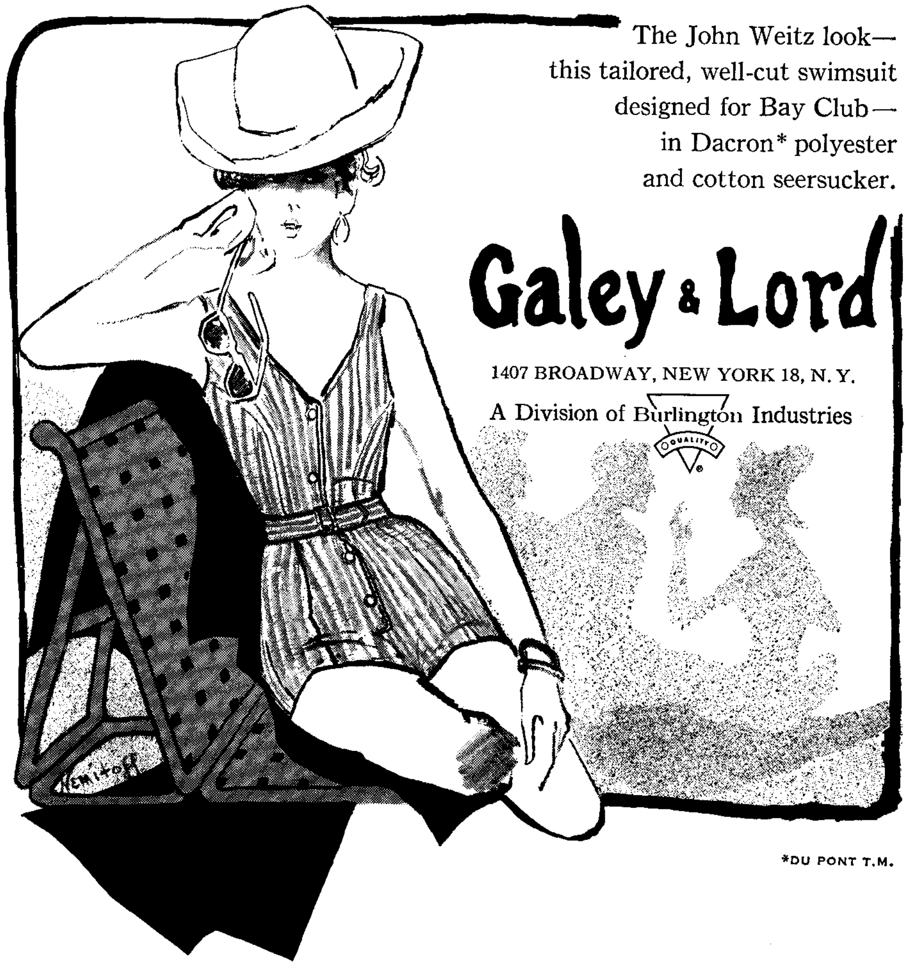

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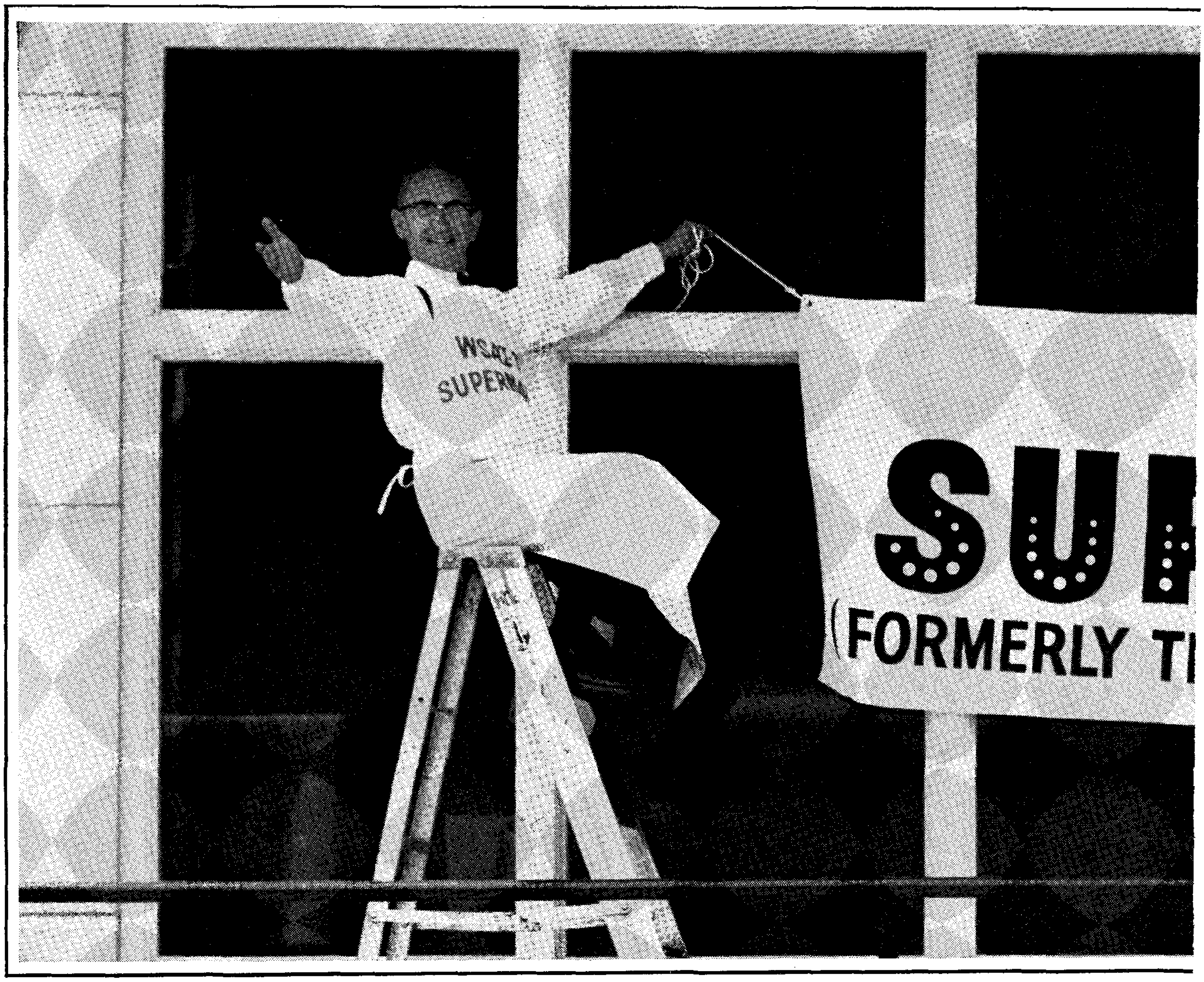

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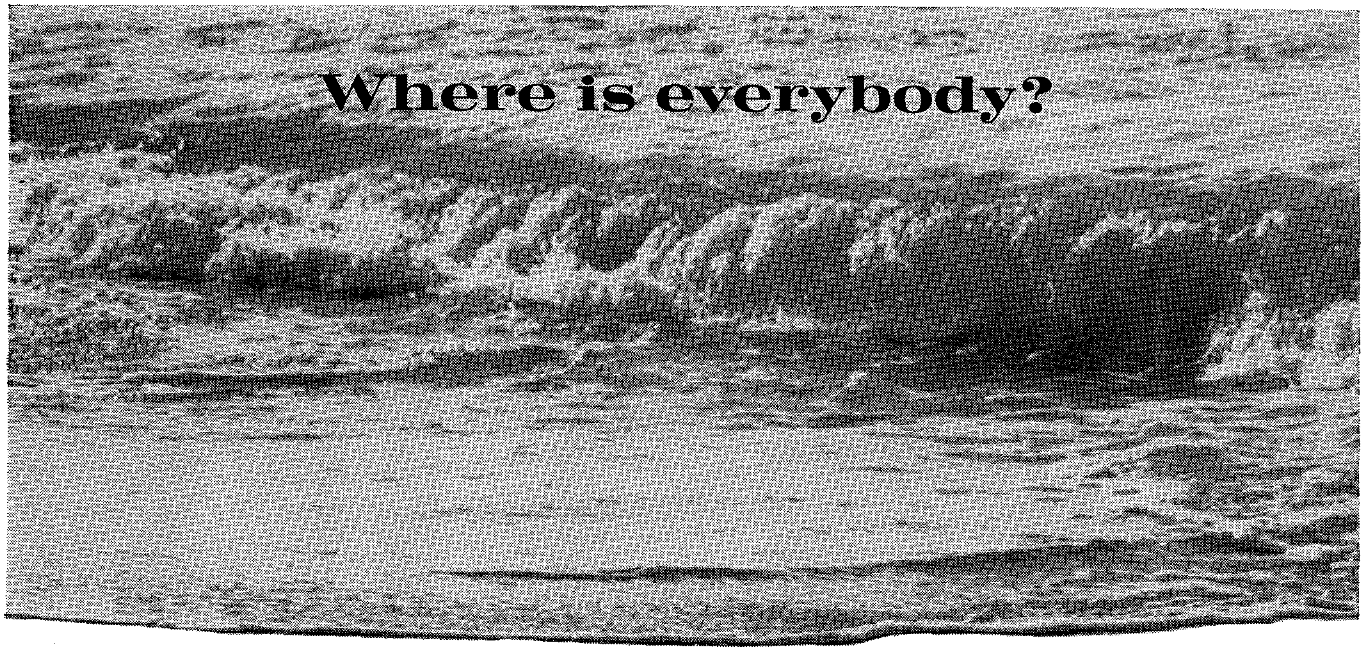
against the draft. Among those for the decree, in addition to Ruffini and Ottaviani, were Cardinals Siri, of Genoa; Fernando Quiroga y Palacios, of Santiago de Compostela; and James McIntyre, of Los Angeles. Cardinal Paul-Emile Léger, of Montreal, not only proposed scrapping the document but put in a warm plea for tolerance and freedom of discussion among Catholic scholars—particularly Biblical scholars, who were opening up new paths of investigation. Franz Cardinal Koenig, of Vienna, a relatively young figure at fifty-seven, and a theologian in his own right, rejected the draft as contrary to the program outlined by the Holy Father. This line was also taken by Cardinal Alfrink, a sixty-two-year-old former pupil of Ruffini's, who now rose to attack the position taken by his teacher. He called the draft nothing more than a rehash of a chapter that could be found in any textbook on theology. It was incapable of representing the present mind of the Church, he said, nor could it in the least promote the Council's aim of renewing the face of the Church so that all Christians could be invited to share with it the treasures of divine truth. The recently created Cardinal Léon-Joseph Suenens, of Brussels, who is fifty-eight, expressed fears that, in view of the length of the discussions, the new Council would outdistance the eighteen years of the Council of Trent. Nevertheless, he said, he thought the draft a botched-up job, without pertinence to the problems of today.

One surprise of the debate turned out to be the stand taken by Joseph Cardinal Ritter, of St. Louis, the smiling, cheerful archbishop who, for all the simplicity of his approach, turned out to be the outstanding American prelate at the Council. He took the microphone to announce flatly that the draft must be rejected—"*Rejiciendum est!*" Warming up to the effect of this bombshell, he went on to describe the draft as "out of date, ambiguous, pessimistic, negative, calculated not to inspire love for the Bible but, rather, servile fear." The decisive intervention, however, was unquestionably that of tall, eighty-one-year-old, feeble-looking, stoop-shouldered Cardinal Bea, former head of the Biblical Institute, who seems to have been rejuvenated in heart and mind by the Council. He laid the facts on the line with beguiling candor. After graciously praising the work that had gone into the decree, he informed its authors that they had evidently been marching in the wrong direction. Their end result "did not agree with the purpose intended by the Holy Father." What, then, did the Pope have in mind, he asked himself. The Pope, said Cardinal Bea, had in mind that the faith of the Church should be presented in all its integrity and purity, but in such a manner that it would be received today with benevolence, and he went on, "There is no need now for patristic or theological argument. What our times demand is a pastoral approach, demonstrating the love and kindness that flow from our religion." He pointed out that while there were many references in the draft to Biblical scholars, only one such mention was favorable, all the rest being condemnatory in tone. He said that it was not the Council's business to do the work of exegetical scholars—to find solutions for problems of inspiration, authorship, inerrancy. This *schema* on revelation, he concluded, must be radically redone. The voice making this remarkable speech was indeed that of Augustin Cardinal Bea, but the sentiments were those of the Patriarch of the West, Angelo Cardinal Roncalli, now Pope John XXIII.

It gradually became apparent that the majority of the fathers were not in favor of the *schema* as it stood, but there was uncertainty about the wisdom of rejecting it outright. Many felt that to remand it to the commission that had originally submitted it would only complicate matters, hardening Ottaviani and his supporters in their advocacy of it. While cooler heads were attempting to seek a way out of the impasse, the Negro Cardinal Laurian Rugambwa, of Tanganyika, proposed that the Holy Father be asked to intervene by withdrawing the document and postponing its discussion until the next session. Archbishop Denis Eugène Hurley, of Durban, made a similar plea, pointing out that the cause of the impasse had been the preparatory commission's disregard of the wishes of the majority of the bishops when it was preparing the text. Bishop Alfred Ancel, of Lyon, after observing that it would be impossible to obtain the two-thirds majority required either to amend or to reject any proposal, likewise appealed to the Pope. On November 20th, therefore, at ten-thirty in the morning, the debate was dramatically halted by Secretary General Felici, who, on orders from the Pope, put the matter to a vote. Those in favor of halting the discussion were to vote "*Placet,*" and those in favor of



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continuing the debate "*Non placet.*" The result of the voting confirmed Bishop Ancel's prediction. With 1,473 votes required for a two-thirds majority, there were only 1,368 votes in favor of suspension, as opposed to 822 for continued debate. Thus, the conservatives had won a technical victory. Many of the prelates later complained that Archbishop Felici's wording of the proposal had been confusing; some on both sides were known to have voted against their principles—Ottaviani, for example, voting "*Placet*" when he clearly meant "*Non placet.*" Nevertheless, the vote revealed where the majority of the Council stood on this issue.

The next morning, while Cardinal Ruffini was presiding, another dramatic announcement was made. Despite the vote, the Pope had ordered the *schema* withdrawn. He had decided that the whole matter should be reconsidered by a special commission, on which Cardinals Bea and Ottaviani would serve as joint presidents, with Cardinals Frings, Liénart, and Meyer representing the liberals, Cardinals Michael Browne, of Ireland, and Ernesto Ruffini the traditionalists, and Cardinal Joseph Lefebvre, of Bourges, the center. They were to be assisted by the bishops belonging to the Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity and the bishops elected to the Theological Commission by the Council, as well as by a number of *periti*, or official theologians. The new decree to be drafted in accordance with the aims of the Council was to be short, irenic in tone, and pastoral in approach. Though there was nothing more to say, this meeting was prolonged until noon, so that an early breakup would not give rise to rumors. Nevertheless, the essential facts were soon in the newspapers. On this occasion, the Vatican newspaper *Osservatore Romano*, which consistently reflects the Curial line, departed from its usual terseness. Although it disclosed some of the details about the impasse, it failed to mention the all-important outcome of the vote, thus veiling the discomfiture of the conservative bloc of the Curia as long as possible.

It is bewildering how a man of Cardinal Ottaviani's intelligence could have miscalculated so badly. It seems strange that he did not anticipate that the majority would be for the reforms, which have been advocated in respectable circles for many years now, and are looked upon with favor by the Pope. One supposition is that Ottaviani's closest advisers and informants—Monsignor Parente and the Franciscan Father Ermenegildo Lio, of the Holy Office, and such Americans as Monsignor Jo-

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And—if he is a great historian—in the resonance and humanity of his language. *In the sound a mind makes.* For even when we disagree with a man's specific interpretation, we may still find our sense of human consequence enlarged by his act of language.

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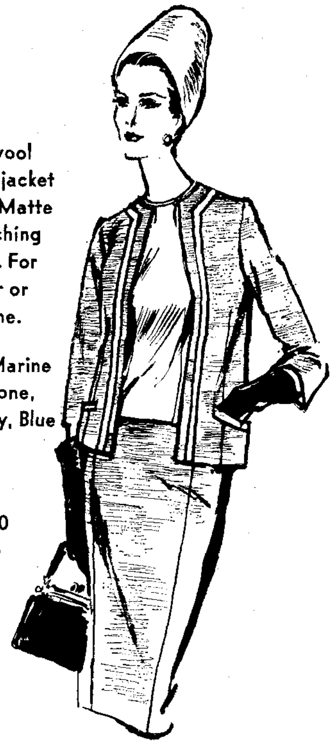

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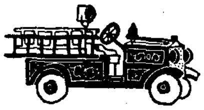
seph Fenton, of Catholic University, and Monsignor Rudolph Bandas, of St. Paul, Minnesota—had convinced him that only a handful of extremist German and French prelates really wanted drastic changes in the Church. Apparently, they and the others who assisted in the preparation of the *schema* (like the Jesuit Fathers Sebastian Tromp and Franz Heurth, the Dominicans Severino Alvarez and Luigi Ciappi, and the Franciscan Carl Balič) could conceive of no other way of presenting Catholic truths than by repeating the tried-and-true formulas of the past and condemning all innovation.

Undoubtedly, the most important single disclosure of this first session was the great strength shown by the advocates of renewal and reform. It had not previously been known just how influential this tendency in the Church really was. The chief spokesman in the Curia for the new approach is unquestionably Cardinal Bea, whose efforts over the past two years have been nothing short of phenomenal. "My whole life has been a preparation for this," he has said. The new Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity, over which he presides, is the first Roman office to have achieved the miracle—Bea's own word—of being completely outside the domination of the Holy Office. Since Bea has been directed by papal decree to collaborate with Ottaviani in drafting a new *schema* on the sources of revelation, this means that he has now been given the right to be heard on strictly theological matters, which, up to the present, Ottaviani has successfully retained within the exclusive control of the Holy Office. The consequences of this decision could be far-reaching. In effect, it warns the old guard that they are not the sole guardians of orthodoxy, and that henceforth they must heed the advice of authentic Biblical scholarship and manifest a more ecumenical spirit. A familiar sight in Rome is the poster for British European Airways, or BEA, and Italian wits now claim that a new sign has been posted over the door of the Holy Office: "Travel with BEA."



Another fruitful result of the Council has been the interchange of ideas made possible by the concentration of so many learned priests in one place at one time. Most of the bishops rejoiced at this development, and took advantage of free hours between meetings to brush up on issues by inviting *periti* to lecture before their episcopal conferences. The Holy Office, unaccustomed to so much uncontrolled theologizing, found this distasteful and alarming. Toward the middle of November, Cardinal Ottaviani asked the Pope to request the Jesuit fathers of the Biblical Institute not to give any more lectures before individual groups of bishops, and to order the famous Innsbruck theologian Father Karl Rahner, S.J., to leave Rome. When the Pope inquired who had asked the Jesuit fathers to lecture, and was told that it had been the bishops themselves, he said he could not be expected to interfere with the legitimate right of bishops to inform themselves regarding the issues before the Council. At the same time, he is said to have shown Ottaviani a testimonial, signed by three cardinals, that praised Father Rahner as an outstanding theologian. This incident reminded old Roman hands of the treatment recently accorded the Dominican theologian Father Raimondo Spiazzi, who, during the preparatory phase of the Council, was bold enough to publish a pamphlet discussing possible changes in the attitude toward clerical celibacy. The mere suggestion of any revision in this regard being frowned upon by the Holy Office as a sure sign of heresy, Father Spiazzi was immediately relieved of his job in the Roman Chancery, transferred from his teaching post, barred from Rome, and sent to Tuscany as provincial. Eventually, this came to the attention of Pope John, who at once ended Father Spiazzi's exile and appointed him a member of the Council's Preparatory Commission on the Laity.

In any attempt to reconstruct the strategy behind the Council, one basic question arises: Who are the Pope's principal counsellors and advisers? It is now obvious that the Pope has nurtured for a long time most of the ideas he expressed at the opening of the Council about simplifying and modernizing the Church. He is a fairly good historian, being very much at home in the works of the Church Fathers, and particularly familiar with the reform movement that followed the Council of Trent. Besides this, he has gathered a wealth of information about men and ideas from his experience abroad as papal representative in the Near East and France. The influence of his private secretary, the able Monsignor Loris Capovilla, whom the Pope brought with him from Venice, is evidently great. This still fairly young man is capable of turning his attention to almost any topic, mastering it in short order, and putting it before the Pope in readily graspable form. Among the cardinals, the key figure is undoubtedly Cardinal Bea, whose stature as a leader in the ecumenical movement has bound-

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Yearly review of domestic news.
Tuesday, January 1 (10:30-11 PM)

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Part II of a documentary study.
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The First Lady
Historical vignettes, with Colleen Dewhurst, Nancy Wickwire, and Ann Harding.
Wednesday, January 2 (7:30-8 PM)

Impact of an Execution
Ralph Bellamy, Ruby Dee, and Peggy Ann Garner in a drama of a surgeon's dilemma.
Thursday, January 3 (10-11 PM)

The Role of Rhythm in Music
Bernstein and the N.Y. Philharmonic in works by Franck and Copland.
Saturday, January 5 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Projection '63
Shape of the news in the year ahead.
Sunday, January 6 (10-11 PM)

Closing the Ring
Churchill's memoirs of Teheran.
Friday, January 11 (7:30-8 P.M.)

Tour of the White House with Mrs. Kennedy
Sunday, January 13 (4-5 PM)

Russians: Self-Impressions
Scenes from Russian literature.
Wednesday, January 16 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Parnassus '63
Readings from Shaw, Frost, and MacLeish.
Sunday, January 20 (11-11:30 AM)

Hollywood: The Fabulous Era
30 years of film history, with Henry Fonda.
Wednesday, January 23 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The World of Benny Goodman
Documentary profile includes USSR tour.
Thursday, January 24 (8:30-9:30 PM)

The Love of Three Kings
Curtin and Tozzi in Montemezzi's opera.
Sunday, January 27 (2-4 PM)

The Death of Stalin
Study of six crucial years in the Kremlin.
Sunday, January 27 (10-11 PM)

◆

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Continental Classroom
  Atomic Age Physics
  American Government
College of the Air
  The American Economy
Today
Calendar
Discovery '63

Mondays: David Brinkley's Journal
Tuesdays: Chet Huntley Reporting
Wednesdays: CBS Reports
Fridays: Winston Churchill—The Valiant Years
International Showtime
Eyewitness
Saturdays: Reading Room
Exploring
Watch Mr. Wizard
Sundays: Camera Three
Meet the Professor
Adlai Stevenson Reports/Issues and Answers
Wild Kingdom
This Is NBC News
Update
College Bowl
The Twentieth Century
Meet the Press
Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color
Voice of Firestone
Howard K. Smith—News and Comment

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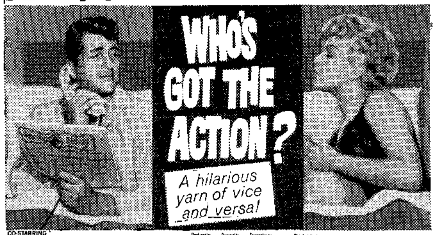
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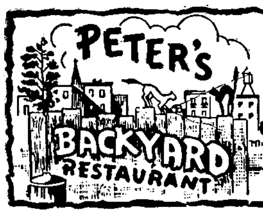

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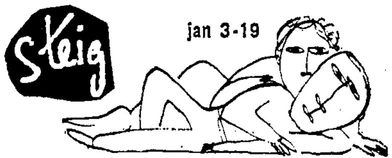

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ed sky-high. It seems certain also that Cardinals Montini, Suenens, and Léger have been consulted not infrequently by the Pope. What direct influence such people as Cardinals Alfrink, Frings, Doepfner, and Liénart wield is anyone's guess. This does not mean that the Pope's old friends among the conservatives, such as Cardinals Ruffini, Pizzardo, and Bacci, cannot have access to his ear any time they wish. After all, he made it clear in the inaugural address that the prophets of doom see him regularly.

THE question of the Pope's health became crucial during the final two weeks of the Council, and rumors were common in Vatican circles that soon after the close of the session he would undergo surgery. Upon the insistence of his physician, he had cancelled all audiences after November 27th. However, at noon on Sunday, December 2nd, Pope John appeared at an open window of his private apartments in the Vatican and recited the Angelus with an immense crowd that had gathered in the square below, despite the cold weather. Then, after thanking the crowd for its solicitude and its prayers for his health, he rather casually announced that "good health, which threatened for a moment to absent itself, is now returning—has actually returned." On December 4th, it was announced that the Pontiff would bless pilgrims from his window at noon the next day. Deciding to take advantage of the occasion, the fathers of the Council swarmed out of the Basilica at eleven-forty-five and joined the immense throngs of priests, nuns, and laymen patiently waiting for the Holy Father to appear. Precisely at noon, the papal window opened and the Pope began to recite the Angelus. As he finished, the crowd broke into a tremendous roar, accompanied by the tooting of horns and the ringing of bells. The Pope quickly signalled for silence. Obviously moved by the tribute, he said, "My sons, Divine Providence is with us. As you see, from one day to the next there is progress, not in going down but in coming up slowly. *Piano, piano*. Sickness, then convalescence." Gesturing majestically, he continued, "What a spectacle we see before us today—the Church grouped together here in full representation. *Ecco*, its bishops. *Ecco*, its priests. *Ecco*, its Christian people! A whole family here present—the family of Christ!" Then, alluding to the fact that the Council was soon to depart for a while, the Pope spoke of the pleasure it had afforded him thus far, not merely because of the obvious unity of clergy

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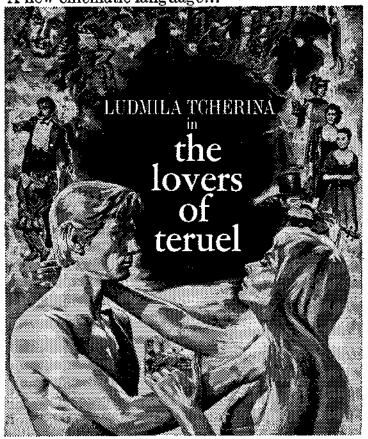

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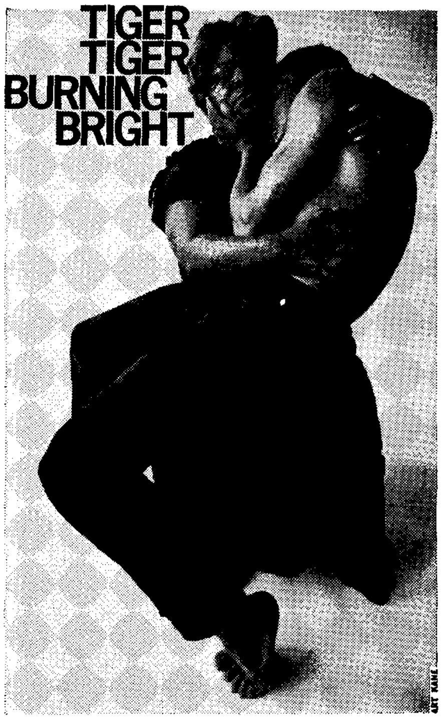

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and people in the Church to which it attested but because it represented all the races of the world, for all peoples everywhere had been redeemed by the Saviour.

On December 6th, Secretary General Felici announced to the bishops the Holy Father's final dispositions regarding the work of the Council. The interval before the opening of the second session, on September 8, 1963, was to be employed in a complete revision of all the draft decrees in the light of the discussions of the first session. The new directives repeated some of the "salient points" stressed in the Pope's opening speech, notably the pastoral, or teaching, character he wished the Council's work to express. They called for the creation of a new coördinating committee of cardinals and bishops, under the chairmanship of the Secretary of State, Cardinal Cicognani. Finally, the new draft decrees were to be printed as soon as possible and forwarded to the bishops in good time, so that they could comment on and return them well in advance of the next session. It was hoped that if this "council by correspondence" did its work ably and expeditiously, everything could be concluded by December of next year.

Despite this papal optimism, there is still considerable anxiety here. Pope John's health is the primary concern, of course, for the work of the Council has only begun. Without his drive and his paternal charity, things could easily be brought to a standstill. The conservative faction will probably never admit that times have changed for it. (The day of the Pope's address adjourning the Council, the *Osservatore Romano* ran an article on "The Work of the Council," by Father Ermenegildo Lio, O.F.M., in which, as if nothing had happened, and omitting all reference to the Holy Father's inaugural address, the author stated that the Council must get around to condemnations of error, lest it compromise the position taken by Pope John in a radio message last September. In that talk, the Pope said not a word about condemnation, his message being entirely one of hope, charity, peace, service, and joy. Cardinals Ruffini and Ottaviani are also reported to have drawn up a petition to the Pope asking him to condemn all those who uttered heresy in the Council. The petition is said to bear the signatures of eighteen cardinals.)

AGAINST the advice of his physicians, Pope John decided on December 7th to make a personal appearance in the Council hall. Traversing the short distance in his car, he appeared

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just before noon and spoke to the bishops briefly from his throne, assuring them that he had been with them during this first session both in his prayers and as he followed the debates over his TV circuit. On the following day, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, the Pope again made an appearance, on foot, at ten-fifteen, after a Solemn Mass celebrated by the Archpriest of St. Peter's Basilica, Paolo Cardinal Marella, and sung in unison by all the assembled bishops. Mounting the throne, he fished for his glasses, and began a twenty-minute Latin discourse that contained a résumé of all that the Council had accomplished so far and expressed his hopes for the next session. He looked pale but seemed vigorous, and his voice had its accustomed ring. Once he had got absorbed in reading his text, he seemed to be his old self once more, emphasizing points with the paper in his hand, and raising his head and eyebrows occasionally to observe the effect of particular phrases on his audience. The Council had been slow in making a start, he said, but it was important for the good of the Church for the prelates to get to know one another's views. Touching lightly on the dissensions that had arisen, he said that they were both healthy and necessary for the achievement of holy liberty, in charity, if the Church was to carry out her mission in a complicated world. In a humorous reference to the nine months' work that lies ahead for the commissions, he observed that it was a grave but necessary task, "to be accomplished in silence." He exhorted the bishops to do their homework well, even though they would be absorbed in pastoral cares. Although the Council had no directives to offer the world at this point, he said, it had nevertheless achieved much, as was evident from the great interest it had aroused among men of good will. Obviously greatly moved by the occasion, and touched by the plaudits of the bishops and prelates, the Pope gave them his blessing and bade them farewell with fond greetings for their flocks. Then, as unostentatiously as he had appeared, he descended from the throne and strode out through a side door of the Basilica.

—XAVIER RYNNE

•

Dealers estimate there are 400 stamps with the original misprint outstanding. A Canadian stamp issued four years ago to commemorate the St. Lawrence Seaway also produced 400 misprints; each of them misprints now is said to be worth $2,500. —*The Wall Street Journal.*

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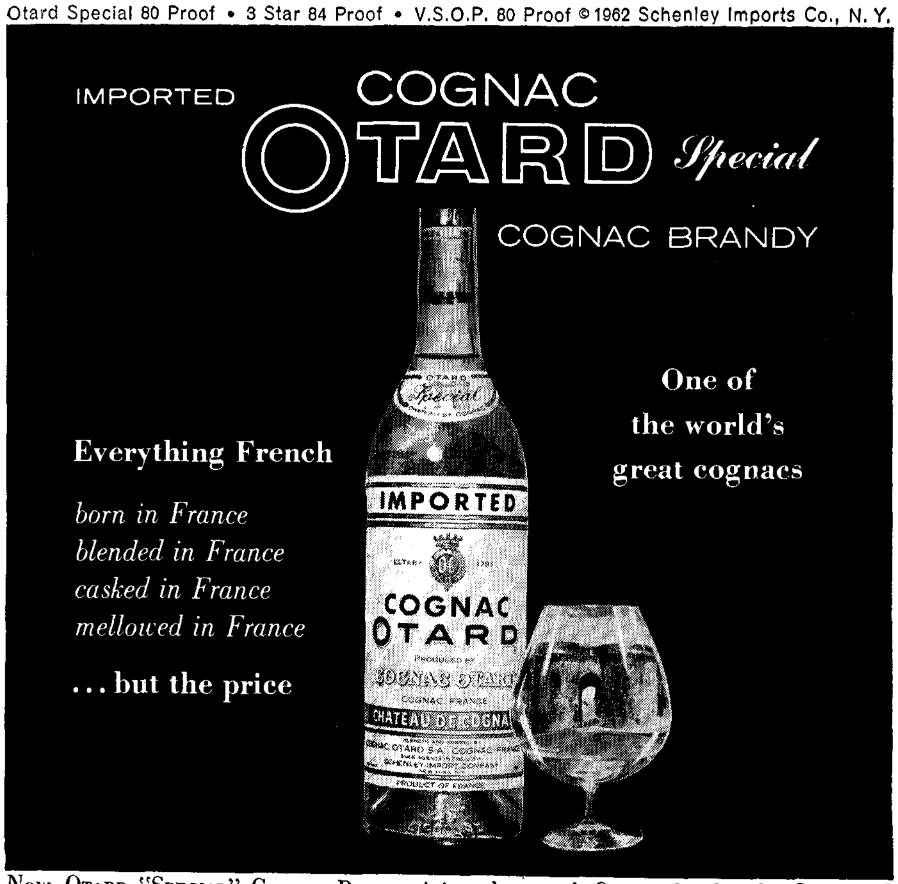

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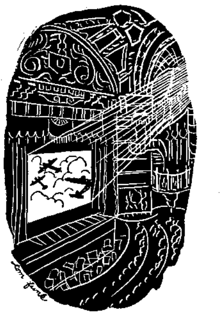
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Look Out!!

FIRST things first, and surely with the children on vacation one of the first things to decide is what movie to take them to. Quick as a flash, I'm able to answer, " 'The Great Chase,' " which is an exuberant anthology of great chases in movies, going all the way back to 1903, when Edwin S. Porter, a cameraman-director-plot improviser for the pioneering Edison Company, made the Ur-work in the genre, under the name of "The Great Train Robbery." Holding up the mails appears to have been an attractive commonplace of American life at the turn of the century, and here is Mr. Porter's version of how the dastardly deed was done. The setting is supposed to be somewhere out West but was actually New Jersey, and the forest in which the miscreants are ambushed and shot down is, I admit, deplorably spindly, but perhaps it was an overgrown corner of Mr. Edison's back yard and therefore handy; what's surprising is that, after almost sixty years, the first movie chase remains a pretty thrilling affair.



In a second chase movie, made in 1905 and entitled "Desperate Encounter," Porter featured a trigger-happy thug and several hard-running if easily punctured policemen, and because the picture was filmed impromptu on the streets of New York, one gets a remarkably vivid sense of what this city must have felt like in the "good" old days. (I'd love to know exactly where in Manhattan the picture was made; some shots look like the lower East Side, others like upper Broadway.) Next in the anthology come two specimens of the handiwork of D. W. Griffith—one an abbreviated train chase, the other a sequence from his 1920 version of the famous stage success "Way Down East." We see Richard Barthelmess pursuing a heartsick Lillian Gish across ice floes that are rushing at a fearful clip toward a steep, jagged falls; the sequence is said to have been filmed on the Connecticut River in zero weather without the use of doubles, and if it was, then Mr. Barthelmess, who wears an enormous fur coat as he leaps from floe to floe and occasionally slips into the freezing water between them, and who winds up having to support not only the waterlogged coat but an even more waterlogged Miss Gish, was a very brave young man indeed.

Another choice item is a sequence from a deMille extravaganza, in which Noah Beery, playing a knavish European nobleman, attempts to have his way with Jetta Goudal, whom he has tricked into marriage but who has no intention of yielding her quite substantial body to him; Beery's idea of persuasion is to conduct her to a subterranean vault in a vast, glowering castle and divert the adjacent moat into the vault. (I'm glad to say that Rod La Rocque arrives in time to rescue *that* waterlogged heroine.) "The Great Chase" also permits us to watch a glorious acrobatic romp by Douglas Fairbanks in a scene from "The Mark of Zorro;" a couple of scenes from William S. Hart's last picture, "Tumbleweeds," made in 1926, in which the old cowboy outrides the camera that is frantically seeking to keep up with him; and several scenes from a Buster Keaton masterpiece, "The General," made in 1927. How sure of his artistry the young Keaton was, and, like his friend Chaplin, what a comely little hero he made—behind that unchanging comic mask of a face, how many tragic possibilities!

NOT for children and not for adults who don't already dote on Michelangelo Antonioni is his new picture, "Eclipse," which covers much the same ground as "L'Avventura" and "La Notte," and which seems, on that account, a familiar march through a hard-packed, infertile country. Though it's often the case that a first-rate artist has but a single preoccupation, and therefore but a single theme, he usually takes the trouble to disguise his theme behind a variety of subjects; with Antonioni, the preoccupation is more nearly an obsession, so he feels no need to provide us with surprises. To my mind, "L'Avventura" said brilliantly how its maker felt about the increasing, crushing thingedness of life and our consequent failure to establish any but temporary, disastrously incommunicative relations with each other. In "La Notte," Antonioni turned all three of his leading characters into automata—zombie-like embodiments of *noia*, or boredom, that even the most urgent bouts of lovemaking could do nothing to alleviate. Now we are invited to learn again that only objects have a secure place in life, and

The Blithe Avoider*

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Do you recognize yourself up there?

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that a man and a woman no longer in their first youth cannot tell, after years of intimacy, whether they love each other, or whether an emotion that might be called love exists, which they have proved incapable of feeling. Eloquent as Mr. Antonioni's camera is—one envies the self-assurance of the objects in his landscapes as Whitman envied cows—the lecture grows tiresome; all the more so when the ravishing Monica Vitti, leaving her weepy middle-aged lover (Francisco Rabal) and falling in with Alain Delon, can't make up her mind whether she feels anything more for Delon than she did for Rabal. My irritation with the indecision of these two extremely attractive people in the face of their manifest destiny blinded me, I fear, to more creditable aspects of "Eclipse." In the Antonioni formulation, boy meets girl, boy meets same girl, boy meets girl again. What would Louis B. have said?

"TARAS BULBA" is a preposterous animated cartoon of a picture, with the novelty of live actors in place of drawings. It's supposed to be based on a novel that Gogol wrote about the medieval Ukrainians, and when Hollywood gets around to making spectacles based on novels by Gogols about medieval Ukrainians, we may safely assume that we're scraping the bottom of the spectacle barrel. Down there at the bottom of the barrel and looking very silly in native costume are Tony Curtis, Yul Brynner, Christine Kaufmann, and Sam Wanamaker.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

Gentle-voiced colleen will wake you Monday through Friday with Irish and/or Biblical proverbs.—*Adv. in The Village Voice.*

Could you just tug the coverlet instead?

•

LONDON, Sept. 4 (UPI)—Manchester University psychologist E. J. Dearnaley said today "a direct way of finding out how long a man can safely fly an aircraft would be to set him to fly continuously until he crashed."—*Los Angeles Times.*

Then subtract about three seconds.

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LETTER FROM PARIS

DECEMBER 18

THE Opéra-Comique's gala presentation of "Pelléas et Mélisande," to honor the centenary of Achille-Claude Debussy's birth and originally scheduled for last June, has just now finally taken place—so tardily that if it had been a little later it would have fallen into 1963 and missed being commemorative altogether. Even in ordinary years, there has never been any eagerness here to present this incomparably melodic drama, which is Debussy's sole opera, and too little operatic, being opera for concertgoers, according to the French, rather than for opera lovers. Since its première, sixty years ago, the Comique has put it on so infrequently—and then simply for prestige, since it has always done poorly at the box office—that this week's gala was merely the three-hundred-and-eighty-eighth performance, which indicates a bare six or seven presentations a year of this elegant, lonely work, as against fifty-odd for, say, "La Bohème." Unpopular nearly everywhere, it has been world-famous. It is regarded here as an exceptional segment of the genius of Debussy, the last great creative French composer and the first great French modernist, whose whole-tone seven-note scale, considered aurally scandalous by Parisians in 1902, led mathematically to the Germanic twelve-tone serial compositions that were yesterday's aural scandals here.

"Pelléas et Mélisande" started in dissension. Debussy wrote it around the vaporous poetic drama by Maurice Maeterlinck, who did not like music anyhow, though his Egeria was the astonishing French personality and opera singer Mme. Georgette Leblanc. It was understood by all three of them that Mme. Leblanc would ideally create the dreamlike Mélisande, and when Maeterlinck discovered that another artist—who turned out to be Mary Garden—was to sing it, he enragedly (according to Mme. Leblanc's spirited memoirs, "Ma Vie Avec Maeterlinck") took his cane and set off for the Debussys' flat. Thrashings and duels were still popular in impassioned theatrical and literary circles. It seems that when he brandished his stick at the musician, Debussy merely sat down in an armchair, while Mme. Debussy alternately proffered him her smelling salts and begged the writer to leave, which he did with insulting laughter and the jeering statement that "all musicians are imbeciles." Maeterlinck then sent a letter to *Figaro* accusing the Comique manager of trickery and expressing the hope that the opera would fail. This made the Maeterlinck-Debussy quarrel public property and one of the most appreciated opera tempests of the day.

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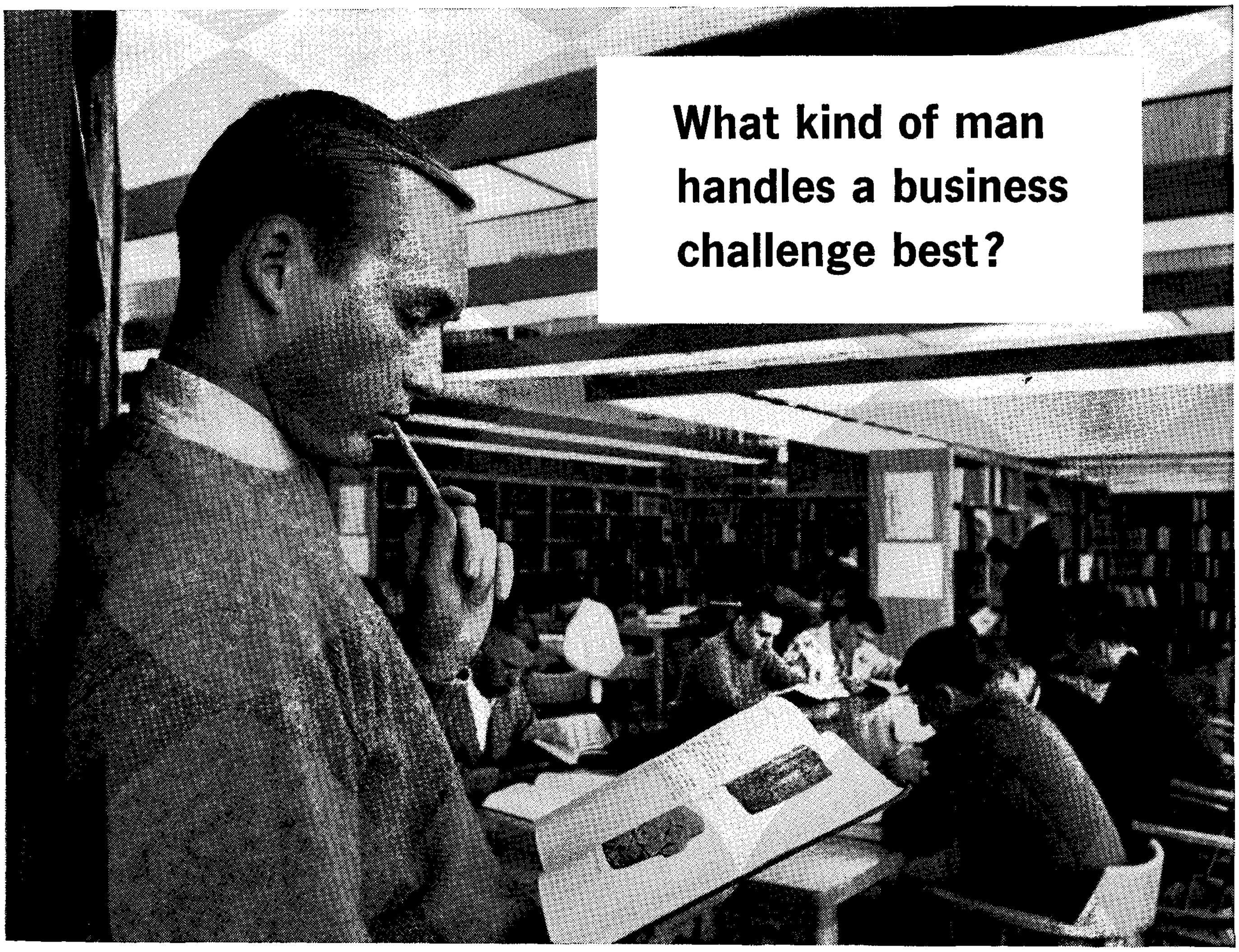
This year, with centenary "Pelléas et Mélisande" performances successfully given in Glyndebourne, New York, Vienna, Rome, Milan, and Buenos Aires, a new Comique production of it, sent to Venice in April to make its bow in the revered Teatro Fenice, struck a snag. Paris music critics, flown down to cover it, joined the Italians in calling it a fiasco, especially because of its appalling stage direction. One French critic wrote, "When the curtain rises, the first thing one sees is a rump"—that of the ethereal Mélisande as she bends over to search in the forest pool for her lost golden crown. The critical denunciations were so severe that Durand, publisher of the Debussy score, withdrew the use of this copyrighted material from the Comique, which had intended to repeat the same undesirable production in June in Paris. Once more, dissension about this opera broke out, and this time on the highest level, involving the Ministry of Culture, musical authorities, critics, and A. M. Julien, director of both Paris opera houses, who, rather than authorize the Comique to repeat the disastrous production, which he had earlier disapproved of, resigned his post—*comme un martyr*, as his loyal backers said. The composer Georges Auric, one of Les Six, who were gathered together by Jean Cocteau shortly after Debussy's death in 1918 as a protest against continued Debussyism in French music, which Cocteau was personally tired of, was, paradoxically, chosen to be the new director of both the Opéra and the Comique, with, among other difficulties, the job of settling the "Pelléas et Mélisande" problem. It was solved by cancelling the June performance, bringing in a gifted stage director, and, after temperaments had cooled, assembling the cast that finally honored Debussy last week.

How Mélisande looks is always of major importance. The brunette Denise Duval perfectly looked the role in a miraculous golden wig, which in one scene she fancifully wore braided around her throat, rather like a hangman's noose. Her voice was perhaps too vocally intelligent for the dazed princess. The giant Gérard Souzay sang and acted superbly as Golaud. The rather short Henri Gui sang robustly as Pelléas, but in the tower scene kept his eyes glued over his shoulder on the conductor, in-



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"...What we have here, as I said before, are some hints—rather strong hints—about where to spend the most time looking for the men we do want, the men with intelligence *plus* those other attributes that give you the feel, the sense, the reasonable confidence that they will make things move and move well....They want to excel and they are determined to work at it...

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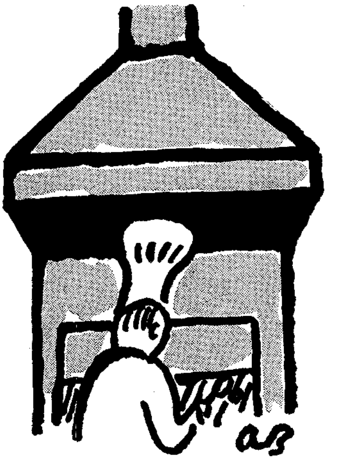
stead of on Mélisande's tempting hair. The entire cast sang completely on pitch and was flawlessly stage-managed and rehearsed—triple rarities in both opera houses here of late years. Under Manuel Rosenthal's conducting, the gorgeous Debussy love music of Act II, surely the most sensuous and passionate of any except in "Tristan und Isolde," was probably too gloriously loud—and what a pleasure. Auric's final restorative gift to the work was his resuscitation of the original décor, still used here long after the First World War, and familiar to many of us in its poetic realism—especially the magical opening forest scene of tall, crowded, mistily foliaged trees. Altogether, the production was a perfected French homage to Debussy's genius to listen to and to look upon. At this week's gala opening, on Monday night, "Pelléas et Mélisande" was, for once, sung at the Comique to a packed house.

IN the art of memoirs, "What Is Remembered," by Alice B. Toklas, will serve as a brief new companion piece to that much larger, longer volume of the early nineteen-thirties, "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas." This, of course, was written by Gertrude Stein as a high-spirited literary hoax, in which she had the double fun of writing about both of themselves at once. Miss Toklas's book will be published sometime early in the new year. She is now in her eighty-sixth year, and her memory goes all the way back to California, where she was born and raised, and into the memory of her maternal grandfather, too, who had been a pioneer before the state was admitted to the Union. When he first brought his bride from Brooklyn to San Francisco, all the bells were ringing. "My grandmother said it was not a holiday, what were they celebrating? Two horse thieves were being hanged on Lone Mountain, was the response. It was an unpleasant welcome, and my grandmother never forgot it." This opening contribution gives an idea of the confidential quality of Miss Toklas's recollections and of the humor of her dry asides, which are exactly in the style of her speech, except that in her conversations she seems to put occasional invisible parentheses around some of her remarks. In her book, she uses no quotation marks, as if unnecessary to her particular method. The Toklases, who were Polish, were a cultivated family. Young Mrs. Toklas was instrumental in bringing a pupil of Froebel's to San Francisco, where one of the first kindergartens in the United States was founded, in a garden, and there little Alice learned to read and write. Grandmother Toklas, who was large and handsome and always wore white artificial lilacs above her white pompadour and long diamond eardrops, gave the child piano lessons; the grandmother and her three sisters had been pupils of the father of Clara Schumann. At the private school Alice later attended, "a little girl in my class asked me if my father was a millionaire. I said I did not know. Had we a yacht? she continued. When she learned we hadn't, she lost interest."

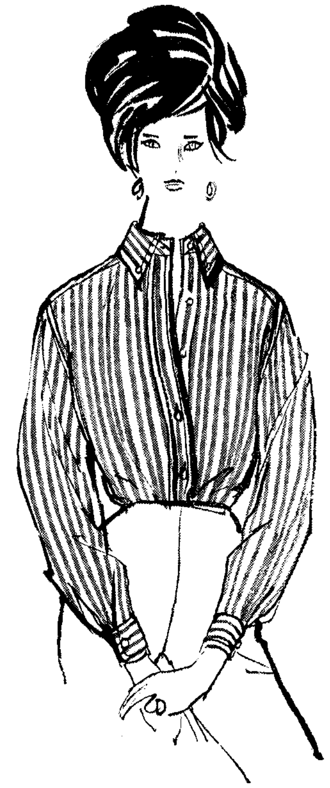


Deciding to live in Paris, a part of Europe she had not yet visited, she ran into the Michael Steins, of San Francisco, who were living on the Rue Madame, in a building partly occupied by a Protestant church, and there, through them, she met Michael Stein's sister, Gertrude. "It was Gertrude Stein who held my complete attention, as she did for all the many years I knew her until her death, and all those empty ones since then. She was a golden brown presence with a golden glint in her warm brown hair. She was dressed in a warm brown corduroy suit. She wore a large round coral brooch, and when she talked, very little, or laughed, a good deal, I thought her voice came from this brooch. It was unlike anyone else's voice—deep, full, velvety, like a great contralto's, like two voices. She was large and heavy, with delicate small hands and a beautifully modelled and unique head. It was often compared to a Roman emperor's." Then came acquaintanceship with Picasso, with "his laugh, like a young colt." Three mornings a week, Miss Toklas took French lessons with Picasso's mistress, the famous Fernande, who had "the sensational natural coloring of *maquillage*, her dark eyes were narrow slits, she was an Oriental odalisk."

One war and many years later, the two ladies went for a winter visit to the United States, where Gertrude gave lectures to much larger crowds than she liked. Of their first day there, Miss Toklas relates, "At Times Square I saw an electric light revolving. It said, Gertrude Stein has arrived in New York, Gertrude Stein has arrived in New York. As if we did not know it." Gertrude's light supper menu before lecturing was always oysters and honeydew melon. They visited Washington, and were invited to the White House, "where we were received by Mrs. Roosevelt. The President was indisposed, she announced, and would be unable to meet us, to which Gertrude blandly said, Yes. Mrs. Roosevelt then informed us that one of the officials would receive us in his stead, to which Gertrude again said, Yes." Miss Toklas does not feel it necessary to add that Miss Stein was a hard-rock Republican. In Richmond, at a dinner party, Miss Toklas sat next to James Branch Cabell, "who asked me, Is Gertrude Stein serious? Desperately, I replied. That puts a different light on it, he said. For you, I said, not for me."

Back in France again, the two friends encountered another war. They went to their country retreat, down in Bilignin, where the greatest challenge was the securing of food. "The Occupation passed slowly," Miss Toklas says, with restraint. After the Liberation, en route to Paris with their most valuable possessions piled in a truck that Miss Stein was driving, they were stopped at night by a woman with a gun and some men, all in the Resistance, who began asking questions. "They leaned over onto a Picasso portrait, and I said, Take care, that is a painting by Picasso, don't disturb it. And they said, We congratulate you, Madame, you may go on." Miss Stein was not well, but she bought a new car, which was not the kind Picasso had wanted her to buy, and when he saw her in it on the Rue des Grands Augustins, passing before his house, they had words about it: "It's what I wanted, and I've gotten it. So goodbye, Pablo. And he said rather sullenly, Goodbye." They never met again. The afternoon the surgeon was to operate on Miss Stein at the American Hospital, "Gertrude Stein was in a sad state of indecision and worry. I sat next to her. And she said to me, What is the answer? I was silent. In that case, she said, What is the question? They took her away on a wheeled stretcher to the operating room, and I never saw her again."

The long life that Miss Stein and Miss Toklas passed together in Paris was framed by modern art. Miss Toklas's book is like a small canvas filled with



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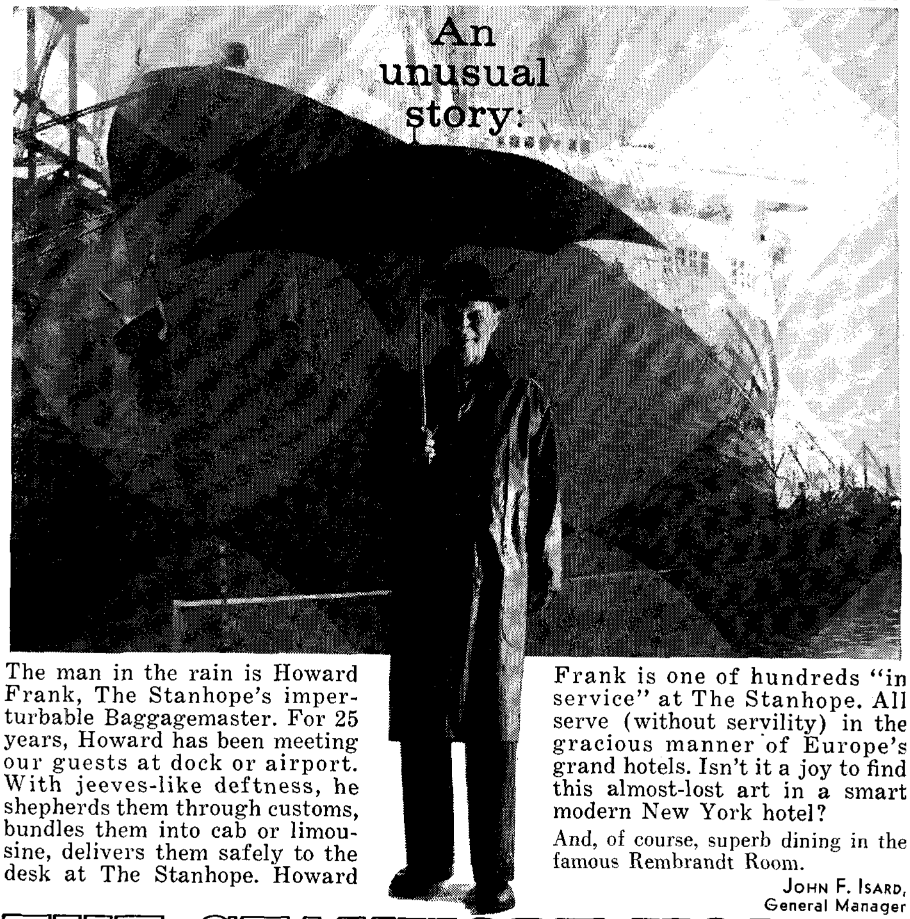

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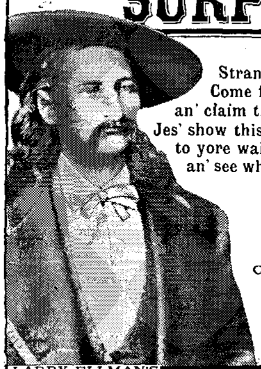

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representational figures and their background, still unfaded, sharply drawn, well colored.

THE French Communist Party, at last following the recent Kremlin line, has now accused the Chinese Communist Party of making trouble. The Republic of Senegal, formerly French, is having government trouble. Algeria, formerly French, is having a great deal of government trouble, all of it dangerous. France itself, with its new majority-party Parliament of practically unknown and inexperienced Gaullist faces (whose intelligence remains to be proved), has never been better off for self-confidence and prosperity. Paris shops and big stores have sold the most Christmas gifts in commercial memory.

We hope you enjoyed *un heureux et généreux Noël*, and we wish you *une très, très bonne nouvelle année.*

—GENÊT

• •

AUNTS AND UNCLES

I

Where is Aunt Alice, Paderewski's pupil,
who smelled of mint, who winked across the keys
rings of seed pearl, turquoise, rings of opal,
whose smiles were music to my childish eyes,
who loosed, through the stuffiness where I was young,
sirens in Debussy's tonal seas,
who bent to better me with Bach among
surroundings inharmonious otherwise?
Deaf in a narrow parlor under grass,
silence at her marrow, beetles for a brain,
dead Aunt Alice lies pianoless,
safe from Mozart's joy and Chopin's pain,
and yet her smiles reverberate again,
her flesh-warm rings flash in my listening.

II

Summer and winter, my Aunt Lilly sat
chilled in her sunroom, reading books of love,
her flesh bright-clothed, her bones too deep for heat,
her odd, small body too entranced to move.
Vicarious heroine, dancing tall and tense
through ballrooms of intrigue, the nymph of many beds,
she fled across romantic continents
while Uncle Peter multiplied like seeds
her planted cash, the money money breeds;
and she was richer than some princesses
but begged from fiction all her warmer needs
for real desire, for daring instances—
lips at her icy ear, and hands to speed
her heart, not paper, while it still could beat.

III

Now I am uncle, like homunculi,
puny nephews, dwarfish nieces sport
comic around me; now, instead of me,
a later generation, just as short,
notes my mustachioed eccentricity
as once I stared at Uncle Peter's wart,
as, from the vantage of a lower eye,
normal faces frequently distort.
I view them not as children but as some
funny show of quick and charming freaks,
knowing my own enlargement looks to them
one of those natural, disturbing quirks—
humorous animal, or man from space—
and neither dreams the other in his place.

—HAROLD WITT

(Owing to a mechanical error, an incorrect version of this poem appeared in the October 6, 1962, issue of *The New Yorker.*)

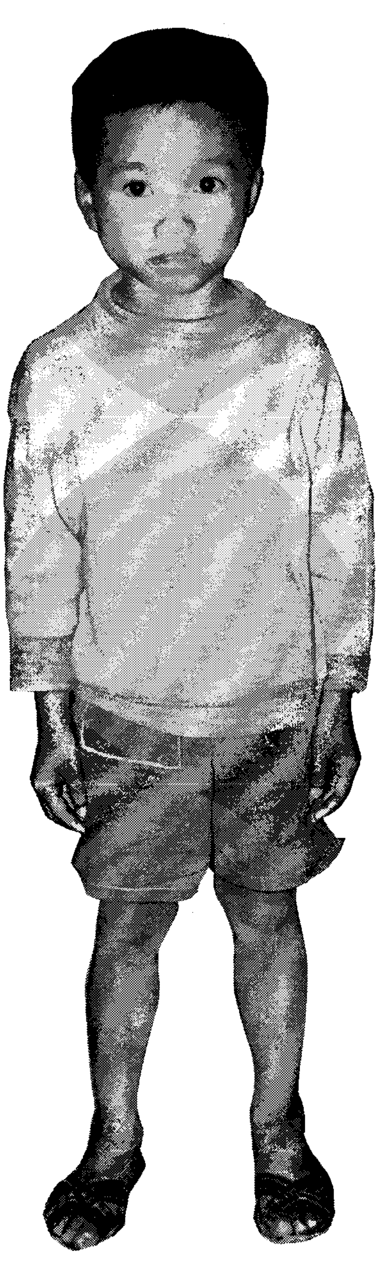
PART OF AN AFTERNOON

MY friend Marnie goes to private school upstate and she spent last summer in France, so I hadn't seen her since May. She is sixteen, and so am I; in fact, her birthday is just three days before mine. We met outside Scribner's, in the second week of Christmas vacation. It was past five-thirty and a slushy day, but she wore sunglasses. For chic. She came with an elegantly tall school friend, who was fifteen. The friend had a hyphenated last name and wore a Paisley silk scarf, tied like an ascot, around her neck. She had one of those girl's nicknames that don't make sense—Carlie or Charlie, I couldn't tell which. When she ran for our taxi, she was exceptionally awkward in a graceful, very pleasant way.

We went to Rumpelmayer's, because it is supposed to be "in." Hot chocolate was sixty cents, and the waitress had bad posture, but you could tell she had breeding. After the hot chocolate, Marnie borrowed a dime from me to make a phone call, so her friend and I settled down on the powder-room couch downstairs at the St. Moritz to talk. She told me that her mother had had many names and that she hadn't used the hyphenated one for several years. She said her mother was a designer and *coated* with problems. She told me that she wondered why her mother wasn't an alcoholic. "But it happens," she said, "that she doesn't drink." She said her mother loved men. "She almost drinks men instead of whiskey," she said. "Which is why she has so many names. She marries them."

She slipped off her pumps with a contented moan. "God, I've been *walking* all day," she said. "My feet will be bloody stumps before the evening is over." She slid the shoes under the couch.

"Have you ever been to a débutante party?" she said. She didn't wait for me to answer. "I went to one last spring, out on Long Island," she went on. "It was my first, and I couldn't wait to see them. The débutantes. There was a kid there who had been thrown out of Harvard. His name was Tom, and he said he was a hotel bellboy. He was very drunk, but he talked well, and we stayed together all evening. He went away once, and I think he threw up, but he came back and we went on talking. We were sitting on some steps at one side of the house, near the driveway. When the music stopped and people began coming out, I realized I'd missed seeing the



you can give him hope and life

Chu Kin Wah, Chinese in Hong Kong, age 7. One of six children. Parents refugees from Communist China. Father vegetable hawker. Earns approximately $24.50 per month. Family lives in leaky shack on hillside. Measures 11′ x 12′. Only furniture 1 board bed, 1 small table, tin box for clothes and few stools. Children undernourished, sad. Parents cannot afford school fees. They look with despair on children whom they cannot support. Help to Kin Wah means help to entire family. Aid urgent.

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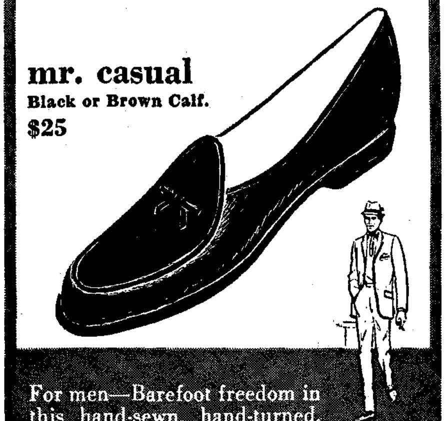

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débutantes. I still look in hotels for him."

Marnie finished her call, and when she joined us in the powder room, her friend ran upstairs to see if Tom worked at the St. Moritz. Marnie and I followed her, and we all said goodbye in the lobby. The tall girl kissed me, and Marnie, who had been to the photographer's, gave me a new picture of herself. She wrote "Affectionately, Marnie" on it and then she dated it, drawing a line through the seven in a very Continental way.
—LAURA TENNEN

•

Yesterday afternoon, Mr. Everett Summerall, senior organ major at the University of South Carolina, was heard in a lovely program at St. Thaddeus Episcopal Church. He was assisted by Miss Louise Causey.

Mr. Summerall is the son of Mrs. Everett Summerall and the late Mr. Summerall. He graduated from Aiken High School where he served as organist and accompanist for the chorus. He was active in the marching, symphonic and pep bands and was in the All State Band for three consecutive years.

Mr. Summerall studied under Mrs. Hoyt Forrest for six years and under Mr. William Slaughter for the same number of years. He served as organist for St. Paul's Lutheran Church, for the First Baptist Church and for St. Thaddeus Episcopal Church.

He is currently studying under Mr. Robert Van Doren of Columbia.

His recital included works of Bach, Brahms, Schumann and Cantrell.

All of these are graduates of Aiken High School.—*Aiken (S.C.) Standard & Review.*

How cozy!

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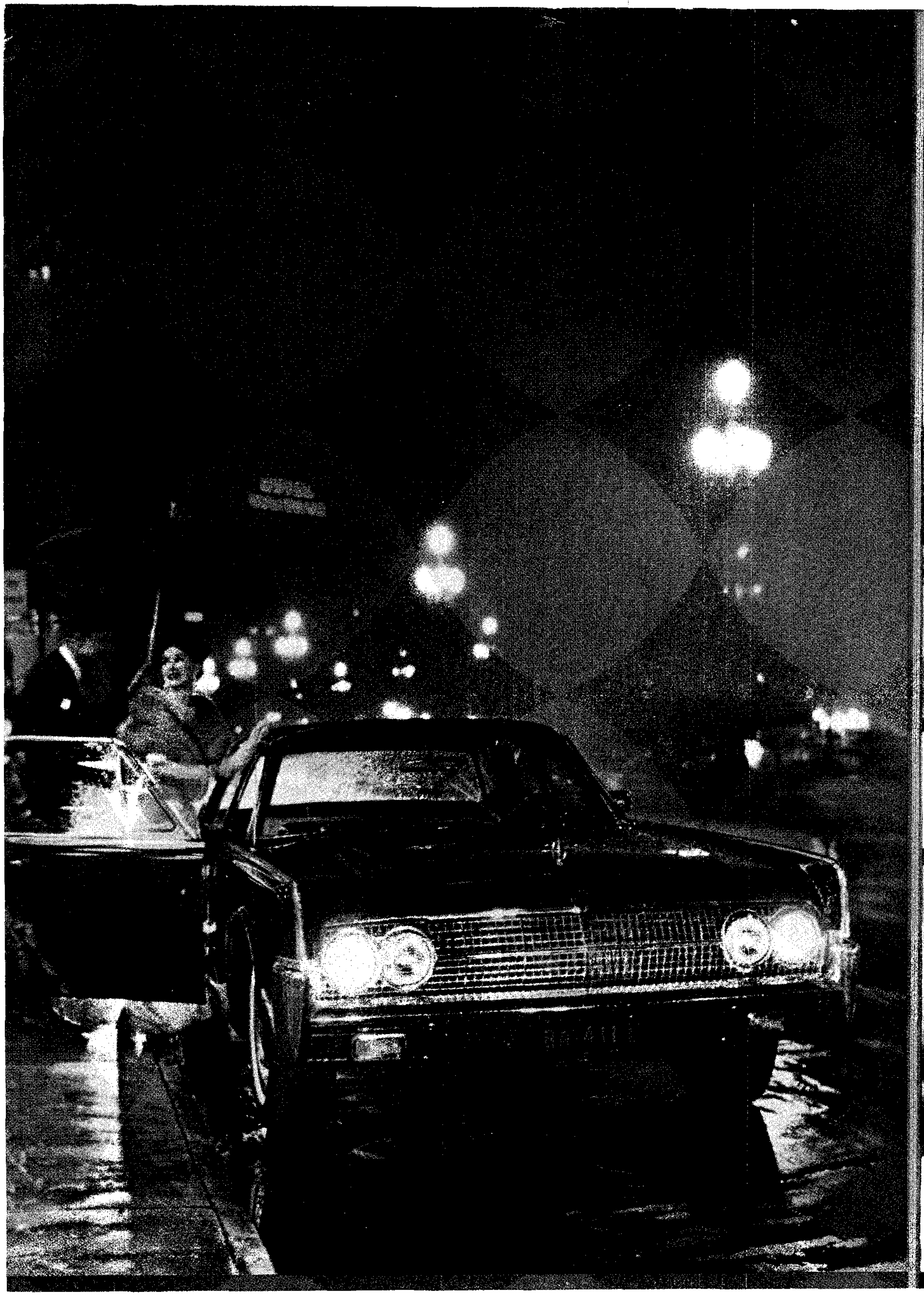

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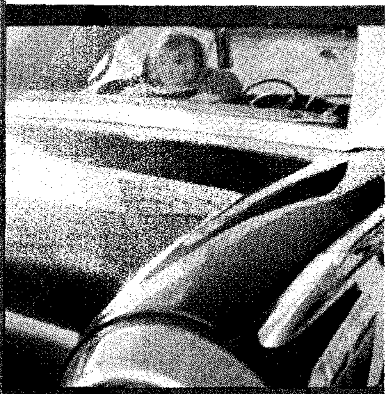

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Fireball

GRACE BUMBRY, as everybody who follows such things knows, is the name of a young woman (twenty-six years old this January, to be exact) who created quite a stir last summer as the first Negro artist to sing the role of Venus in "Tannhäuser" at Bayreuth. Since that time, she has been widely acclaimed as a lieder singer, and has appeared with the Paris Opéra, both in Paris itself and on an extensive tour. Inquiry into her background discloses that she was born in St. Louis and has been for a number of years a pet pupil of the great Lotte Lehmann. I missed Miss Bumbry's first New York recital, which occurred in Carnegie Hall a few weeks ago, but I caught the second one, at the same auditorium on Tuesday night of last week, and I found the occasion to be something distinctly out of the ordinary. Miss Bumbry sang a widely varied program, calculated to show samples of nearly every type of music a singer can be expected to tackle. It started out with very sedate arias by Purcell and Handel; progressed to lieder by Schubert, Hugo Wolf, and Brahms; included, along the way, some rousing operatic excerpts ("O don fatale," from Verdi's "Don Carlo," and "Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix," from Saint-Saëns' "Samson et Dalila"); and wound up with a group of Negro spirituals. The layout of this program was conventional enough, but there was nothing conventional about the way Miss Bumbry sang it. Although her voice is officially described as a mezzo-soprano, the power of her lower register is at least as phenomenal as that of quite a number of celebrated contraltos, and this power is to be found, evenly distributed, all the way to the top of her range. She is, moreover, a refined singer, with a cultivated sense of phrase, and she has a feeling for delicate elements of shading and inflection that arises from intelligence as well as natural instinct. These qualities were, of course, called upon particularly in the Schubert, Wolf, and Brahms songs, which she delivered with an admirable regard for poetic mood. There were impressive fortes, finespun pianissimos, and everything in the scale of decibels that exists between them, and there was beautiful enunciation in German, French, and Italian. I could pick a few flaws here and there. Her English enunciation, as is so often true of American singers who have done most of their singing abroad, was not very clear, and she has evidently not learned to take leave of her high notes with consummate grace; some of them seemed suddenly chopped off rather than softly abandoned. Miss Bumbry is, then, not yet quite the finished artist she will probably soon become. But she is a remarkable one nonetheless.

Despite all the interest aroused by Miss Bumbry's lieder singing, the total impression she gave made me wish to hear her in opera. Her operatic excerpts were beautifully sung indeed, and her personality is one that demands the full panoply of operatic performance. Her stage presence suggests a combination of an urchin and a leopard, with a lot of smoldering heat held resolutely in check—an array of God-given physical and temperamental attributes that reminded me slightly of the movie actress Sophia Loren. Only in the theatre, I felt, could Miss Bumbry give full rein to her dominant talents. If Mr. Bing of the Metropolitan is looking for an imposing, convincing, rip-roaring Carmen, for example—and there are many who think that his searches in this direction have been remarkably unsuccessful in recent years—here she is. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

BEACON HILL—There are many things wrong with the world today, and most of them are beyond man's power to remedy. But there is one evil that can be corrected, and I hereby bring it to the attention of those who can do something about it. I refer to the soiled and wrinkled bills that we have to accept at the horse-tracks and dog-tracks.

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BOOKS

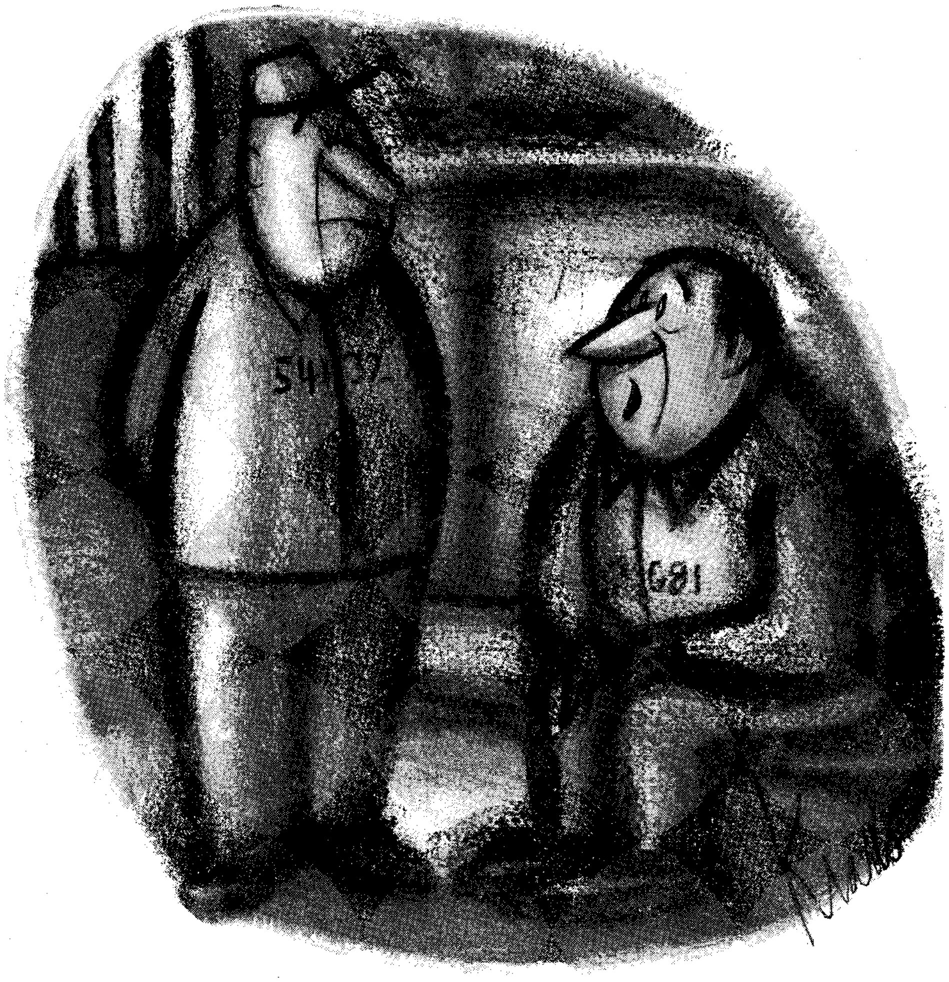
Let Genteelism Ring

ONE of the social malpractices that most fretted H. W. Fowler, the great lexicographer, was "genteelism"—the substitution in self-conscious circles of antimacassar synonyms for daily-bread words. In "Modern English Usage," Fowler writes, "Belly is a good word now almost done to death by Genteelism. It lingers in proverbs and phrases, but even they are being amended into up-to-date delicacy, and the road to the heart lies less often through the b. than through the stomach or the tummy. The slaying of the slayer now in course of performance by *tummy* illustrates the vanity of genteel efforts; a perpetual succession of names, often ending in nursery ineptitudes . . . must be contrived." The apogee of genteelism, as Fowler suggests, is the onomatopoeic bathroom babble coined by parents and small children—a genteel language that no adult would dare use in public. But genteelism, despite its velveteen qualities, has served one valuable, if inadvertent, purpose. For several centuries, it has helped preserve, simply by keeping it on ice, the power and sanctity of its arch-enemy—the four-letter word. An untouched, slowly aging cheese, the four-letter word has tended to gain flavor and strength. (The word's meaningless, almost sound-effects usage by boys, truck drivers, and enlisted men does not count.) However, genteelism, invented by the first great middle classes to protect their fragile new sensibilities, is rapidly fading. The resultant vacuum has already begun to be filled, principally by novelists (art leading life), who daub their pages with four-letter words, and by playwrights and screenwriters. Joyce and D. H. Lawrence, franked and available, are the apparent inspiration for these writers. But Joyce used the f.-l. w. with a model and perhaps inimitable taste and logic; Mother Hubbard Lawrence, on the other hand, used it as a crutch for his philosophy, and with unintentionally comic results. The danger is not moral but aesthetic; the four-letter word, one of the purest, least profaned strains in English, will, once its varnish of taboos has worn off, become as corrupted as "interesting," "awful," "terrific," and "wonderful."

Two newly published novels—Henry Miller's "Tropic of Capricorn" and Robert Gover's "One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding" (both Grove Press)—discernibly hasten this commonizing movement. Miller's book, first printed in Paris in 1939 and now brought out here for the first time, is, like its soulmate, "Tropic of Cancer," a congested and maudlin-funny exercise in Surrealism. Ostensibly a novel-autobiography that deals with Miller's boyhood and growing up in Brooklyn, the book is in fact a celebration of his libido. (Publicly celebrating one's libido is closely related to that other parlor pastime—recounting one's most recent operation.) This celebration is accomplished mainly by a hounding, deadening repetition of four-letter words, used in a conscious shock-the-teacher way. But by the time one has reached page 194, say, where four-letter words are used thirteen times, the book has long since ceased to shock, surprise, or even amuse. Miller's four-letter words have turned to putty—a putty that holds together his frequent rhapsodies about the evils of big business, racism, poverty, New York, and even Bloomingdale's. Here are his thoughts on Bloomingdale's, written in his customary *entrechat* prose:

> There is a condition of misery which is irremediable—because its origin is lost in obscurity. Bloomingdale's, for example, can bring about this condition. All department stores are symbols of sickness and emptiness, but Bloomingdale's is my special sickness, my incurable obscure malady. In the chaos of Bloomingdale's there is an order, but this order is absolutely crazy to me: it is the order which I would find on the head of a pin if I were to put it under the microscope. It is the order of an accidental series of accidents accidentally conceived. This order has, above all, an odor—and it is the odor of Bloomingdale's which strikes terror into my heart. In Bloomingdale's I fall apart completely: I dribble onto the floor, a helpless mess of guts and bones and cartilage. There is the smell, not of decomposition, but of misalliance.

Before the paragraph ends, Miller turns into a bird and flies over Weehawken, Hoboken, Hackensack, Canarsie, and Bergen Beach. Like Walt Whitman,



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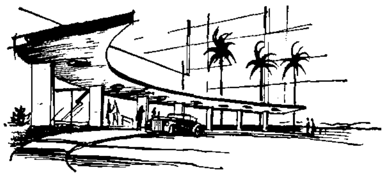

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he is a superman who loves lists. He also, though a nihilist, loves the good old days of wide streets, elms, big, rambling houses, and beery Saturday nights with the boys. In short, Miller is a Surrealistic Edgar Guest.

ROBERT GOVER is just thirty-three and "One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding" is his first novel. It is an adventurous failure, and for a strange reason. Gover uses the four-letter word no more sparingly than Miller, but his four-letter words all appear in slightly distorted spellings in the dialect of a fourteen-year-old Negro prostitute. This gives them a cute, oh-I-daren't quality, which in the end converts the novel into a burlesque *of* a burlesque. This is too bad, for Gover's story—a scrambled weekend that a white college sophomore, J. C. Holland, and the prostitute, Kitten, more or less spend together—is a funny one. Holland is rich, pompous, and stupid, and Kitten is pretty, bright, and gullible. The narrative is told in chapters (first his, then hers) of interior monologue. Holland's thoughts are in Babbitt prose and Kitten's are in Deep South dialect. Accordingly, neither understands the other very well, which causes all sorts of slapstick situations. Gover handles these two characters in a spirited, cheerful way, but neither of them is *right*, for the language they use is always just wide of the mark. Holland's monologues are strained and wooden rather than real college-boy pompous, and Kitten is bedevilled by cuteness.

Henry Miller putties the four-letter word, while Gover trundles it to the threshold of the nursery. But there is a solution: Let genteelism—as defined by Fowler—again ring.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

AMERICA AMERICA, by Elia Kazan, with an introduction by S. N. Behrman (Stein & Day). A tough-sentimental screenplay, loosely disguised as a short novel, about a twenty-year-old Greek boy, Stavros Topouzoglou, who, after being robbed, nearly married off to a wealthy, ugly girl, nearly starved, and made a gigolo of by an American woman, emigrates from Turkey to America around the turn of the century. Many of the scenes end with the setting sun.

THE FLESH PEDDLERS, by Stephen Longstreet (Simon & Schuster). Mr. Longstreet's lugubrious exposé of an oversuccessful Hollywood talent

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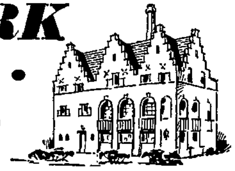

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agency is done in the first person by a very stale young man named Garry James, who considers himself superior to his publicity job and to the men and women he works with, but who nevertheless allows himself to be persuaded into making a well-paying career out of the buying-and-selling side of show business. The scene switches from Hollywood to New York and back to Hollywood.

To THE CORAL STRAND, by John Masters (Harper & Row). The English gentleman-adventurer Rodney Savage, who is the last of a long line of empire builders, discovers that he is lost in the new order in India. The Indians, very independent, don't need him, and he doesn't want to go to England. Mr. Masters makes a long and lurid tale of Rodney's search for something to do. The writing is overexcited.

GENERAL

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER: RED CHINA TODAY, by Edgar Snow (Random House). This large, fascinating book posed some difficulties for its author. Mr. Snow, first of all, had to make his way through a thicket of governmental obstructions to get into mainland China. Once there (during the summer and fall of 1960), he travelled at an exhausting clip, visiting cities, factories, Army camps, schools, dams, hospitals, collective farms, communes, and even a prison, and interviewing, it seems, every Chinese in sight—Mao Tse-tung, Chou En-lai, and old ladies with bound feet. Mr. Snow skillfully fuses reporting with historical exposition, personal recollection, statistical analysis, and argument. Although he has solved some formidable literary problems, he has left a baffling question for his readers to solve: How reliable is this honest, impassioned, well-meaning effort? Mr. Snow finds that Communism has brought great material progress—food rationing, certainly, but nothing like widespread starvation—and domestic tranquillity such as the country had not known since the palmy days of empire. If that's what he saw, that's what he saw. Yet some disturbing doubts arise. One can't help noticing, for instance, that Mr. Snow is specific about old Kuomintang atrocities (he recalls labor conscripts he saw in the nineteen-thirties as "men yoked together like cattle, with ropes tied around their necks, being dragged along by military police") but vague about the Communists'

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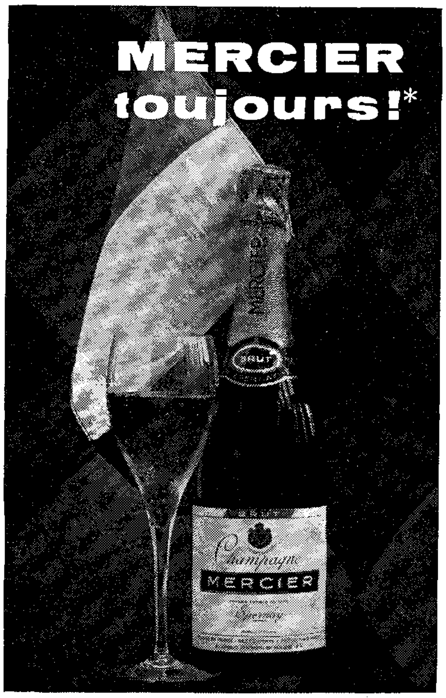

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use of force—"relatively small-scale trouble," he says in mentioning that the regime had to repress farmers' resistance to one stage of its farm-collectivization program. He is partly aware of, and even boastful about, his bias. He's proud of having been a correspondent with the Communist guerrillas a quarter of a century ago. He appears to look on Chou and Mao as journalistic protégés who have made good, and he keeps reminding us that he knew them when. But auld lang syne was apparently not much help in suggesting what these gentlemen would do next; when his book went to press, Mr. Snow was confident that the Chinese would never attack India's border. He is convinced that the Communist regime enjoys almost complete popular support. In the absence of elections, is that reporting or mind reading? And so it goes. Mr. Snow is obviously not completely right, and he probably isn't completely wrong. He's got a huge accumulation of facts, if we could only guess which they are. His polemics are hopeless. Mr. Snow moralizes like a dominie, but he seems unaware that his basic preachment—China is powerful, therefore the United States should court her—is amoral.

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS, by Angus Wilson, Edith Sitwell, Cyril Connolly, Patrick Leigh Fermor, Evelyn Waugh, Christopher Sykes, and W. H. Auden, with a foreword by Ian Fleming and an introduction by Raymond Mortimer (Morrow). A collection of essays written for the London *Sunday Times*, whose editors allotted each author one of St. Thomas's deadly sins—envy, pride, covetousness, gluttony, sloth, lust, and anger. (Neither the foreword nor the introduction says a word about how the staff paired authors with sins.) The authors mostly reflect rather than reprobate, and they are pretty much in character. Dame Edith, for instance, writes of herself and her highborn relations, Mr. Waugh inveighs against modern slackness, and Mr. Auden concludes with a somewhat paradoxical theological innovation—"If there are any souls in Hell, it is not because they have been sent there, but because Hell is where they insist upon being"—which sounds comforting.

THE PEN & THE SWORD, by Michael Foot (Monthly Review Press). A small slice of history magnified to great advantage. In the War of the Spanish Succession (1701-14), Great

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Britain and her Continental allies united to prevent Louis XIV from putting his grandson on the vacant throne of Spain. The allied armies were brilliantly led by John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, who was supported at home by a Ministry, or "junta" (responsible Cabinet government was so new that the English had no idea they were developing the form, and didn't know what to call it), of Whigs. Queen Anne preferred the Tories, and the Tories were itching for power, but they needed an issue. By 1709, they had found it; they became the peace party. The Whig junta had raised and then dashed the hopes of Jonathan Swift, an Irish parson and pamphleteer who wanted to be a bishop. He went over to the Tories, and put his pen at their service. Mr. Foot traces the struggle in which the Tories shattered the Whig Government, elected a Tory Parliament, and, by betraying England's allies, made peace. Every step of their tortuous political way was eased by a bold, telling, devastatingly persuasive essay, poem, or pamphlet by Swift. Mr. Foot thinks that Swift wasn't writing entirely out of spite, for he really hated war. But Swift's motives interest Mr. Foot less than his enormous influence; this was the first generation that saw effective political journalism. Though the author is in something of a bind as far as sympathies go—Marlborough was a great man, and Swift behaved like a small one in their encounters—he gives both men their due. Mr. Foot is a journalist who knows how to write, and, as a Member of Parliament, he has a special feeling for the clashes that make politics—and books—exciting.

THE IMAGINATION OF CHARLES DICKENS, by A. O. J. Cockshut (New York University). In fewer than two hundred pages, Mr. Cockshut achieves what is probably the best study of Dickens yet. Taking full account of all his author's weaknesses—his coarse mind, his innate tendency toward melodrama, his emotional immaturity, his poverty of ideas—Mr. Cockshut shows that Dickens' herculean imagination combined with his patient learning of the novelist's craft to make him a great writer nevertheless. Highly recommended.

THE PYRAMID CLIMBERS, by Vance Packard (McGraw-Hill). Another of Mr. Packard's lay analyses of a segment of American society. In this book, he writes about the men who

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REFLECTIONS

The end of one year and the beginning of another is always a time for reflecting on changes past and to come, for assessing the old year and planning for the new. And part of everyone's reflections should be about his financial situation and whether any change in his commitments is called for.

As we all know, a lot can happen in twelve months' time. Your status may change from single to married or married to widowed. There may be a new child in your family, or an older child may become his own breadwinner. You may change jobs, or get a substantial increase in pay in your present position, or change from a salaried to a pensioned status. You may undertake to buy a house or a car—or sell a house or a car. As Heraclitus said 2500 years ago, "All is change."

If your current status seems to call for investing with an eye to the future, our Research Department will gladly offer suggestions suited to your needs. If you already own securities and would feel better if they were reviewed objectively in the light of your circumstances and market conditions, Research is prepared to help there, too. We'll also supply you with investment information, general or particular, elementary or sophisticated. There's no charge or obligation for any of these services, and they may help you start the new year with greater confidence. Address inquiries to—

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MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

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make up the executive staffs of business corporations. Mr. Packard says they are a sorry lot—insipid, undereducated, and passive, and nothing like the bouncy entrepreneurs who developed American business. Junior executives are pushed around mercilessly by their seniors, and the ambitious strain to succeed by knifing their colleagues while maintaining the pose of nice guys. (Mr. Packard points out that almost all big corporation executives are white Anglo-Saxon Protestant males with college degrees; women, Catholics, Jews, and Negroes hardly have a chance. One wonders why Anglo-Saxon college men insist on torturing only each other.) Things may be getting better, though. Executives, psychologists, and business consultants have been thinking about the mess, and Mr. Packard's last chapters discuss several of their suggestions—some of which are already being tried—for improving the executives' unhappy lot. There isn't yet much to say with certainty about any of them. Mr. Packard says what he can with a sedateness he has seldom shown before.

KILL AND OVERKILL, by Ralph E. Lapp (Basic Books). Dr. Lapp, a physicist who had a hand in building the atomic bomb, describes some fundamentals of nuclear strategy in marvellously clear terms, thus giving anybody who feels left behind in the worldwide conversation a chance to catch up. He writes about nuclear weapons, their destructiveness, the difficulties in trying to defend against them, and the faults he sees in our deterrent strategy. His last chapter, on possible first steps toward peace, is more cheerful. Dr. Lapp is a talented popularizer, although he occasionally fails to distinguish between fact and argument, and hurts his own case by assuming, more often than not, that his intellectual opponents are fools or knaves.

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

Along the way, he [Prince Philip] chatted several times with students. . . .

And he asked one young man: "What are you studying, if anything?"

Said the student: "Political science."

Said His Royal Highness: "I should have guessed that, from your beard."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

"What do you do here?" the Prince asked the bearded student.

"I'm a history of art major," Meldonian answered.

"I should have known it," said Prince Philip, laughing. "Your beard gives it away."—*Berkeley (Calif.) Daily Gazette.*

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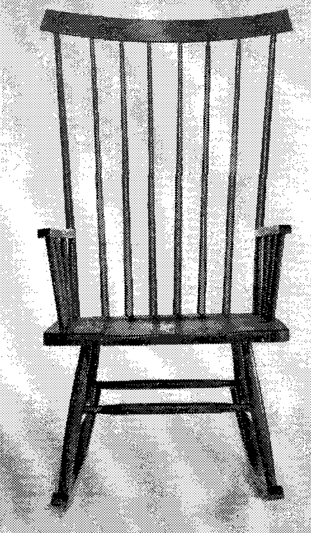

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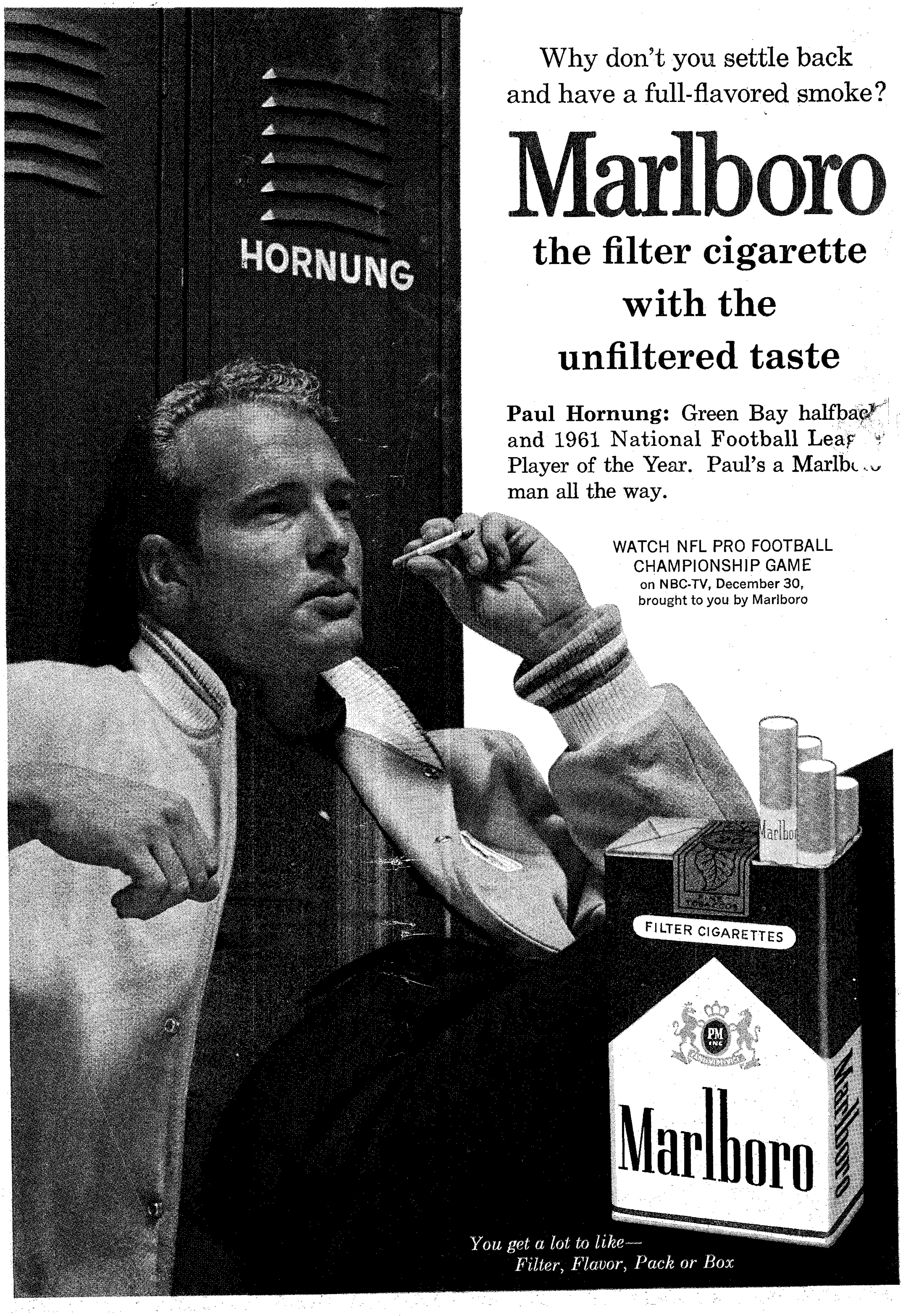
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